THE NEW-ENGLAND GALAXY,

AND U. S. LITERARY ADVERTISER.

——NO LEVELL'D MALICE
INFECTS ONE COMMA OF THE COURSE I HOLD.—*Shakspeare.*

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FREDERIC S. HILL.

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The Sketch Book.

THE BETROTHED.

"...—on the lone shore were plighted
...the stars, their nuptial torches, shed
...beautiful they lighted.—*Byron.*

...was sleeping on the hill,
...dew was on the brake,
...wild-bird's scream went lone and shrill,
...quiet lake:
...silence of the night,
...youth and maiden stand,
...the waters ripple low and light,
...to the strand.

...spell of holiness
...them, as they stood,—
...night in her gala dress,
...bright and peaceful flood;—
...girl shook with a silent fear,
...before her, there,
...like a spirit's, low and clear,
...on the quiet air.

...ago, on this same spot,
...before you first:
...(ah, is the tale forgot?)
...that childhood nursed;
...only childhood can:
...and listened then,
...when I grew a man,
...the tale again.

...on this spot of ground,
...but pleasant tears:
...world went on its round,
...hopes and with its fears;
...a man,—'mid man
...speed and brow:—
...on these waters then,
...is on them now:

...plight me thy heart and hand,
...where my fathers lie,
...thee a bower in another land,
...to blue a sky:
...forget the waves of time,
...scenes of the world with me,
...thee a home in a sunny clime,
...the western sea!

...thee gold to wear,
...of price and pride;
...weave in thy own bright hair
...of the mountain side;
...the dames of that land shall be,
...on the hill be as proud and free
...of a chieftain's should.

...thee lighted hall,
...the diamond's glare;
...farewell to the midnight ball,
...tread on the wild heaths there:
...thee from your bower, afar,
...as it sleeps in light;
...rays of the evening star,
...on the waves by night.

...thee page to wait,
...to bend the knee;
...thee robe of state,
...canopy:
...had thee to lordly dame,
...and the proud ones be;
...with thee, in my father's home,
...have shared with me.

...the promise that childhood gave,
...and fervent love;
...dwelling, on land or wave,
...guiding star above;
...pain,—one hope,—one fear,—
...one God:—
...and one here;
...and one green sod!"

...lips are mute,
...touch his brow;
...has stained his lute;—
...palace now!
...cousin, if you know,
...cheek grows pale,
...tears begin to flow,
...such tale?

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

...ART OF BOOK-MAKING:
...of the Cut-and-Dry System!

To the Editor, &c.

...consequence of the article which ...last Number relative to the ...by us called the *Separation*, ...addressed a note to the au... ...we now enclose a copy,) ...explanation of the circumstanc... ...not yet received a satisfacto... ...We can, therefore, only state for ...in publishing the work, we ...unconscious of its resembling in ...degree any book already extant, ...last Saturday to the authoress ...that it was submitted to us *wholly* ..., as an entirely original produc... ...we sent it for examination to ...friend, whose opinion as to its mer... ...us to purchase the copyright of ...—We are, sir, your obedient

COLBURN and BENTLEY.

...Burlington street, ...October, 1830.

[*Copy.*]

New Burlington Street,
Saturday, October 23, 1830.

...Colburn and Bentley present their ...the authoress of *Separation*, and ...her a copy of to-day's *Literary* ...containing some remarks relative to ...of her last novel, which re... ...contradicted, commit the charac... ...Under these circumstan... ...will acknowledge them to be very pressing, Messrs Colburn and Bentley wait anxiously for an explanation, which the authoress alone can give, and she will therefore excuse them if they solicit from her an immediate statement calculated to remove from the public mind the disadvantageous impression now existing in consequence of the remarks alluded to.

[The foregoing were in our hands, and, of course, ordered for publication, in justice to Messrs. C. and B., who, at the end of five days, could have no other hope of redress, when we received the annexed paper.—*Ed. L. G.*]

To the Editor, &c.

The novel entitled *Separation* may certainly be said to have had its foundation in the story of a tale published anonymously eighteen years ago!!! But *Separation* is, in *characters*, in conduct, in language, and in arrangement, wholly new.

Shakspear e, Dante, Boccacio, &c. &c., have been resorted to a thousand times for the ground-work of modern fictions; and, if it is allowed to borrow from others, the author of *Separation*, assuming that *Self-Indulgence* was writen by the same person, had surely a right to borrow from it.

The tale of *Self-Indulgence*, though not devoid of interest, was crudely and carelessly written, and, as it deserved, sank speedily into oblivion; nevertheless, it contained striking incidents, which were peculiarly fitted to set forth a great moral end.

In the manner in which the author of *Separation* has employed these, the work became altogether changed, and such as cannot justify the attack directed against it in the *Literary Gazette*.* In fact had any doubt been entertained upon the subject at the time of its publication, a line, by the way of preface, stating the case, would have set the matter at rest.

Inasmuch as Messrs. Colburn and Bentley are involved in this attack, it is only requisite to make one observation, in order to clear these gentlemen of the aspersion cast upon them. We believe that no author thinks it necessary to declare the source whence he draws his subject; and Messrs Colburn and Bentley purchased *Separation*, believing it to be, as the author considers it is, to all intents and purposes, *a new work*.

Though the last of these communications has been sent to us anonymously, yet as it bears internal evidence of being the best defence that could be offered by and for the author of *Self-Indulgence* and the *Separation*, we have given it insertion. Having done our literary public, we certainly feel extreme regret that it is not capable of a more satisfactory explanation; but the station, and, especially the sex, of the writer, prevent us from animadverting upon it in the way we think it deserves. We were convinced, from the first blush of the business, Messrs. Colburn and Bentley were profoundly ignorant of the real state of the case, and had paid a handsome price (as we find they have done) for *Separation*, as an entirely new work. They must feel now *as if* they had been imposed upon; and had not only disbursed their two or three hundred pounds for that which was not what it purported to be, but been made the tools in a trick upon the public. We cannot conceive a more unpleasant return for their liberality.

It is indeed a sorry affair, and the *excuse* almost as *inexcusable* as the original offence.—*Ed. London Literary Gazette.*

*It is not so—it is merely disguised, and to all other intents and purposes the same.—*Ed. L. G.*

MODERN ULYSSES.

No sooner was the hatchment mounted over the portico of Beechwood Hall, announcing that its late proprietor, Sir John Denyers, was dead, and that his widow had succeeded to the splendid mansion and broad lands, than it was hailed, as the signal for attack, by all unmarried men within a circumference of twenty miles. They flocked to her by scores arrayed in the mourning cloak of condolence, endeavoring to smuggle in their love under the disguise of sympathy. Her lawyer, a hale bachelor of sixty, requested she would do him the honor to consider him less in the light of a professional adviser than a friend zealous for her interests, and would fain have presented her with a title to his services in his shrivelled hand: but he had already given her a surfeit of parchment; and the man of law discovered that, although his suit had frequently been successful in those courts where the presiding goddess is represented to be blind, it was quite another thing to plead his cause before a woman with her eyes open. In fact,ere she had worn the weeds of widowhood for six weeks, her paths were beset,and her dwelling beseiged; and never, certainly, had woman a better chance of mending her luck, for there was not one of the whole five and forty lovers who was not willing to stake his life upon the sincerity and disinterestedness of his affection. She could not open a window in her house, but a myriad of billets-doux came showering into it like a snow-storm. She could not take a walk in her most private grounds, but a lover started from behind every bush, and flung himself upon his knees in the path before her. Others, again, affecting bucolics, would wander forth into the fields, crook in hand and carve her name upon every tree, to the great endangerment of her timber. Every domestic in her household was bribed by one or the other of her suitors, and she was under the consequent necessity of changing her establishment twice a year,from the lady's maid to the stable-boy. While, however, there exists not a rebel in the citadel of the heart, the fortress will hold out long against external assaults; and the widow had got some antediluvian notions into her head about 'first love,' 'respect for the memory of the dead,' &c. which, although, no doubt, extremely silly, had the effect of declining her from a second speculation in the hazardous adventure of matrimony. As the number of her suitors increased, their individual chances of success, of course, diminished, and their audacity being in the exact ratio of their despair, her own mansion was no sanctuary against the intrusion of her unbidden guests. The matchless imprudence of one of her suitors deserves particular record. It happened that one day the widow went out for several hours, to call on a friend at some distance, leaving only two male domestics, the butler and a foot-boy, in the house. Towards evening, a horsemen rode up to the hall door, and applied himself with more than ordinary energy to the knocker. He was a tall, military personage, with a cast of features which might have been termed handsome, but for a certain cynical expression, which much detracted from their pleasing effect. The stranger flung his rein to the boy, 'desiring him to take his horse to the stable and have it well fed and littered down for the night, and then stalked into the house, and notwithstanding reiterated announcements from the servants in chorus of 'Mistress not at home, sir,' stopped not until he reached the dinning-parlour, when, turning to the butler, who had followed him, he said, 'Here, let that valise be taken up into her ladyship's chamber, and let a fire be lit there, for it's rather cool.' 'Very cool, indeed,' said the domestic, applying the epithet to the speaker and not to the weather, and was meditating some impertinent observation, when the stranger, carelessly, as if it had been his handkerchief, drew a pistol from each pocket, and placed them on the table before him. The butler, who had a mortal dread of fire-arms, quitted the apartment in haste, as if to do the stranger's bidding, but, in reality, to communicate to his fellow-domestics, the females,his suspicions of the character of the guest. Their conversation was, however, soon interrupted by a violent ringing of the bell; and it was some time before Geoffry could summon courage to enter the dinning-parlour. 'Some dinner!' responded the other. The butler paused, but, at length said, 'Very sorry, sir, but we have not got any thing in the house.' 'Then look into the poultry yard,' was the reply, 'and let me have a broiled chicken in half an hour.' The other stared, but the stranger's eyes happening to fall upon the pistols, Geoffery seemed to understand the appeal, and being anxious to go off first, hurried out to counsel the sacrifice of a chicken to their common safety. In the course of the half hour, the dish was smoking before the guest, who, having no notion of glasses being placed on table for the mere purpose of ornament, pronounced the monosyllable 'Wine.' 'If you please, sir,' said Geoffry, 'we can't get at any, for mistress has got the key of the wine cellar in her pocket.' 'Nonsense!' exclaimed the other, 'who ever heard of a wine-cellar with only one key?—why, keys in a great man's house are like pistols, there are always two of a pattern.' The allusion had its effect; Geoffry vanished in an instant, and shortly re-appeared as Ganymede. In a few minutes afterwards, the noise of wheels announced the return of Lady Denyers, who, on being informed of the stranger's arrival, like a woman of spirit, went straight into the dinning-room to demand an explanation. On the next instant, the seivants heard a loud scream from their mistress, and, concluding that she was murdered, they, very dutifully, ran out of the of the house, and set off at full speed, each in a different direction, for the doctor. It seemed that no sooner had the lady cast her eyes upon her visiter,than she uttered a piercing shriek, and sank upon the carpet. Now, when a man faints away, the approved method of treatment is to kick and cuff him till he recover; but with a woman the case is somewhat different. The stranger raised her in his arms, threw half a glass of water in her face, and poured the remainder down her throat, and, at last, succeeded in restoring the patient. 'And is it really you, Sir John?' exclaimed the lady, when she became somewhat tranquil. 'Ay, in very deed, Caroline,' was the reply: 'ghosts do not drink Madeira and devour chickens.' 'Then you were not killed and eaten by those frightful Ashantees?' 'You greatly wrong that very respectable and much-slandered people,' said Sir John; they have better tastes, and preferred my society to my flesh, insomuch that I had some difficulty in escaping from their hospitalities.' 'I hope, my dear,' said the lady 'you were duly sensible of their attentions?' 'I was very nearly being insensible to them and every thing else, for the worthy gentleman who did me the honor to engross my society, seeing me determined on quitting him, followed me as far as he could, and then fired a parting salute from his musket, into which he had, inadvertently, put a bullet, and left me with half an ounce of lead in my shoulder.' 'O dear!' exclaimed the lady, 'how very horrid! and did you walk all the way in that state?' 'I did not walk two hundred yards, my love, for I fell into a bush,exhausted from loss of blood, when I was picked up by an Ashantee damsel of sixty,whose charms would have made your ladyship jealous, and who extracted the ball, put a plaster of herbs to my wound, and smuggled me down to Cape Coast Castle, where I found the report of my death so well authenticated, that I was challenged by an Hibernian brother officer for presuming to doubt it.' 'And were you so rash as to fight with him?' 'No, for I had not time, being anxious to embark for England, to relieve your anxieties and to save my executors as much trouble as possible.' 'But how is my nephew?' 'O, in high health and spirits, and inconceivable vain of his title.' 'I am sorry for that, because I have not quite done with it.' At this moment a noise was heard in the passage, occasioned by the return of the domestics, bringing with them the *posse comitatus* and fourteen of the lady's lovers, who, taking it for granted that the ferocious ruffian would have escaped before their arrival, valiantly rushed to her rescue. When however, they heard the voice of the intruder in the parlour, it became a point of prudence among them which should enter first: at length a clown, in the back ground, pressing forward to get a glimpse of what was going on, inadvertently applied the stimulus of a pitchfork to the rear of the man before him, who communicating the impetus to the next, it passed on to the van, and they all blundered into the room, where, to their utter astonishment,they beheld the living Sir John *tete-a-tete* with his lady. Doubtless, you will conclude the baronet enacted Ulysses on the occasion, and drove out his rivals at point of sword. Credit me, reader, he did no such thing: he was an old soldier, and a man of the world, and knew better than to make enemies of fourteen blockheads; so he ordered up a dozen of claret, and they made a night of it."

THE COVENANTER'S LAMENT FOR BOTWELL BRIGG.

BY WINTHROP M. PRAED.

The men of sin prevail!
Once more the prince of this world lifts his horn;
Judah is scattered, as the chaff is borne
Before the stormy gale.

Where are our brethren? where
The good and true, the terrible and fleet?
They whom we loved, with whom we sat at feast,
Mangled and marred they lie,
Upon the bloody pillow of their rest:
Stern Dalzell smiles, and Clavers with a jest
Spurs his fierce charger by.

So let our foes rejoice;—
We to the Lord, who hears their impious boasts,
Will call for comfort; to the God of hosts
We will lift up our voice.

Give ear unto our song;
For we are wandering o'er our native land,
As sheep that have no shepherd; and the hand
Of wicked men is strong.

Only to thee we bow.
Our lips have drained the fury of thy cup!
And the deep murmur of our hearts go up
To Heaven for vengeance now.

Avenge,—oh, not our years
Of pain and wrong; the blood of martyrs shed;
The ashes heaped upon the hoary head;
The maiden's silent tears;

The babe's bread torn away;
The harvest blasted by the war steed's hoof;
Judge not for these to-day!

Is not thine own dread rod
Mocked by the proud, thy holy book disdained,
Thy name blasphemed, thy temple's courts profaned?
Avenge thyself, O God!

Break Pharoah's iron crown;
Bind with new chains their nobles and their kings;
Wash from thine house the blood of unclean things;
And hurl their Dagon down!

Come in thine own good time!
We will abide: we have not turned from thee;
Though in a world of grief our portion be,
Of bitter grief, and crime.

Be thou our guard and guide!
Forth from the spoiler's synagogue we go,
That we may worship where the torrents flow
And where the whirlwinds ride.

From lonely rocks and caves
We will pour forth our sacrifice of prayer,—
On, brethren, to the mountains! Seek we there
Safe temples, quiet graves!

A SCENE IN THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

Do you see that man, pale and thin, of a middle height his head bent over a book which the copyists of the Torbonne sent to Florence to obtain a higher price than at Paris? He is standing at the door of the library, and unable to purchase the book he holds (for he is very poor,) he devours it with his eyes, to carry it afterwards fresh and living in his memory—The busy crowd circles around him. The Florentine noblemen raised their mantles gracefully, young ladies and high born dames upon horses followed by valets and noble pages who carry their colored missals with gold clasps, a whole ceremony and its long files of spectators pass the street with voices, the windows, the balconies, the streets, are full of people the bells shake the air with their long peals. That man still standing reads as moveless as a stone.—His black hair, acquiline nose, high and somewhat wrinkled forehead, his grave and mystic physiognomy, impressed with a poetical exultation, commanded attention and respect. The crowd keeps at a distance in order not to touch him. More than one young girl makes the sign of the cross when she percieves him, and throws pious looks on the Madonna carved in the stone over the door.

"Do not disturb that man," said one of them.

"Why, Laura?"

"He descends into hell and takes every one there whom he does not like!"

"What! is it he?" she answered and walked rapidly away.

He raised his head, smiled, and resumed his book.—Just then a bishop passed upon his richly caparisoned mule. He paused, and bending his head, said "read, Bianco read, untill thou findest thyself at the stake."

The man heard him perhaps, but did not look up. He continued to read, motionless and undisturbed. Night came, he placed the book upon the stall, and went away. He had been there since sunrise!

Some days after, as he passed by the library, the merchant ran out precipitately and told him he had been exiled from Florence, in a secret sitting, held that night at the Convent of Santo Petro.

"It is well," he said. A crowd gathered around him.

"You are condemned to the stake."

"Without a hearing?—I foresaw it."

"They are going to set your house on fire—save yourself; they seek to arrest you—to kill you."

"I will remain."

"Fly in the name of your children."

"I will leave them my name for their heritage."

"In the name of my child, whom you render immortal on earth as she is in the heavens," said a venerable man with a white beard, "In the name of Beatrice."

The man bowed and directed his way to one of the gates of Florence.

The old man accompanied him. "How will you revenge yourself for so many insults—so much cruelty? How will you persue your enemies?"

He did not reply, but showed the old man a piece of parchment upon which were written these words *Divina Commedia Inferno.* He went alone and on foot.

It was DANTE.

A FAREWELL TO ABBOTSFORD.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

——"The love
Of mighty minds doth hallow, in the core
Of human hearts, the ruin of a wall
Where dwelt the wise and wondrous; but by thee
How much more, 'Home of Beauty!' do we feel
The wild glow of that not ungentle zeal,
Which of the heirs of immortality
[illegible]
And a blessing on thee rest;
While the heather waves its purple bell
O'er moss and mountain crest;
While stream to stream around thee calls,
And banks with broom are drest,
Glad be the harping in thy halls—
A blessing on thee rest!

While the high voice, from thee sent forth,
Bids rock and cairn reply,
Wakening the spirits of the North,
Like a chieftain's gathering cry;
While its deep master-tones hold sway,
As a king's o'er every breast,
Home of the Legend and the Lay!
A blessing on thee rest.

Joy to thy hearth, and board, and bower!
Long honors to thy line!
And hearts of proof, and hands of power,
And bright names worthy thine!
By the merry step of childhood still
May thy free sward be prest!
While one proud pulse in the land can thrill
A blessing on thee rest. *Winter's Wreath.*

THE HAUNTED HOGSHEAD.

You don't live to Boston, then, do you? No; I calculate you are from the old country, though you speak English almost as well as I do. Now, I'm a Kentuckyman, and my father was to Big-bone Creek, in old Kentuck, where he could lather any man in the State; but I could lick my father. Well, when I first came to Boston, I guess, I was a spry, active young fellow, and cruel tall for my age; for it's a pretty considerable long time ago, I calculate. So first I goes to look out for Uncle Ben—you've heard of him and his brown *mar*, I reckon—and I finds Uncle Ben at Hickory's Universal Transatlantic Hotel by Charles Bay, in East Boston, taking a grain of mighty fine elegant sangaree, with Judge Dodge and President Pinkney the Rowdey, that built the powerful large log mansion-house in Dog's Misery, in the salt-marshes out beyond Corlears's Hook, in New York. I was always a *leetle* bit of a favourite with Uncle Ben, and so says he to me,—'Jonathan W.,'—for he calls me Jonathan W. for short,—'I'll tell you what it is,' says Uncle Ben; 'you come out mighty bright this morning, I motion that you take a drop of whisky-toddy or so.' 'Oh yes, Uncle Ben,' says I; 'I should admire to have a grain, if it's hand*som*.' 'Considerably superb,' says he; 'it's of the first grade, I guess; for Major Hickory keeps wonderful lovely liquors; and I can tell you a genuine good story about them, such as, I guess, you never heard before, since you were raised.' And then he up and told such a tale, that the helps all crowded round him to hear it, and swore it was better than a sermon—so it was: And as you're a *stranger* from the old country, and seem a right-slick-away sort of chap, without a bit of the gentleman about you, and are so mighty inquisitive after odd stories, why I don't mind telling it to the 'Squire myself; and you may depend upon it that it's as true and genuine as if you had heard it from Uncle Ben himself, or July White, his old woolly-headed nigger. You must know, then, that the Universal Transatlantic Hotel was built an awful long time before I was raised; though my Uncle Ben remembered a powerful grand wood-house that stood there before it, which was called the Independent Star of Colombia, kept by Jacobus Van Soak, who came to Boston from the old, ancient, veteran Dutch settlers of New York. It was sometime after fall, in the year 77, that a mighty fierce squall of wind blew down some of the wall of the house where the cellar was, quite to the very foundation. I reckon that the old host was a *leetle* bit madded at this—he was; though he bit in his breath, and thought to drive in some new stakes, put up fresh clap-boards, and soon have it all slick and grand again; but, in so doing, as he was taking out the piles underneath the house, what does he find but an awful great big barrel; and a cruel heavy one it was, and smelled like as if it was a hogshead of astonishingly mighty fine old ancient rum. I'll lay you'll never guess how they got it out of the cellar, where they found it—because they never moved it at all, I calculate; though some of the helps pulled and tugged at it like *natur!* But the more they worked, the more the barrel would'nt move; and my Uncle Ben said that mighty *strannge* sounds came out of it, just as if it did'nt like to be disturbed, and brought into the light; and that it swore at the helps and niggers in English, and Spanish, Low German and High Dutch. At last, old Van Soak began to be a *leetle* bit *afeared*, and was for covering it up again where he found it, till my Uncle Ben vowed it should'nt be buried without his having a drop out of it, for he was a bold, active man, that cared for nothing, and loved a grain of rum, or sangaree, or whisky-toddy, or crand, or any other *fogmatic*, to his heart, he did. So down in the cellar he sits himself, drives a spigot into the barrel, and draws him a glass of such mighty fine elegant rum, as was never seen before in all Boston. 'Handsom!' considerably handsom! mighty spart rum, I guess,' says my Uncle Ben, as he turned it down, 'mild as mother's milk, and bright as a flash of lightening! By the pipe of St. Nicholas I must have another grain!' So he filled him another glass, and then Jacobas plucked up heart, and he took a grain or two, and the helps and bystanders did the same; and they all swore it was superbly astonishing rum, and as old as the Kaatskill mountains, or the days of Wouter Van Twiller, the first Dutch [illegible] drank about, thinking, you see, that all the strength was gone; and as they were in the the dark cellar, they never knew that the day was progressing powerfully fast towards night; for now the barrel was quiet again, and they began to be mighty merry together.

But the night came on cruel smart and dark, I reckon, and a pretty terrible loud storm; and so they all thought it best to keep under shelter, and especially where such good stuff was to be had free gratis, for nothing, into the bargain. Nobody knows now what time it was, when they heard a mighty fierce knocking on the top of the barrel, and presently a hoarse voice from the inside cried out, 'Yo ho, there, brothers! open the hatch-way and let me out!' which made them all start, I calculate, and sent Van Soak reeling into a dark corner of the cellar, considerably out of his ... stout old rum. 'Don't open ...,' cried the helps and neighbors, in mighty great fear; it's the devil! 'Potztausend!' says my Uncle Ben,—for you must know that he's a roistering High-German: 'you're a cowardly crew,' says he, 'that good liquor's thrown away upon.' 'Thunder and storm!' called out the voice again from the barrel, 'why the Henker don't you unship the hatches? Am I to stay here these hundred years?' 'Stille! mein Herr!' says my Uncle Ben, says he, without being in the least bit *afeard*, only a *leetle* madded and wondered he was; 'behave yourself hand*som*, and don't be in such a pretty particular hurry. I'll tell you what it is; before you come out, I should like to make an *enquerry* of you,—Who are you? where were you raised? how have you got along in the world? and when did you come here? Tell me all this speed*ily*, or I shall decline off letting you out, I calculate.'—'Open the hogshead, brother!' said the man in the tub, says he, 'and you shall know all, and a pretty considerably sight more; and I'll take mighty good care of you for ever, because you're an awful smart, right-slick-away sort of a fellow, and not like the cowardly land-lubbers that have been sucking away my rum with you.' 'Hole mich der Teufel!' said my Uncle Ben, 'but this is a real rig'lar Yankee spark, a tarnation stout blade, who knows what a stout blade should be; and so, by the Henker's horns, I'll let him out at once., So, do you see, Uncle Ben made no more ado, but broke in the head of the barrel; and what with the storm out of doors, and the laughing and swearing in the cask, a mighty elegant noise there was while he did it, I promise you; but at last there came out of the hogshead a short, thick-set truculent, sailor-looking fellow, dressed in the old ancient way, with dirty slops, tarnished gold-laced hat, and blue, stiff-skirted coat, fastened up to his throat with a mighty sight of brass buttons, Spanish steel pistols in a buffalo belt, and a swingeing cutlass by his side.

He looked one of the genuine privateer, bull-dog-breed, and his broad, swelled face, where it was not red with rage, or the good rum, was black or purple; marked, I reckon, with a pretty considerable many scars, and his eyes were almost starting out of his head. If the helps and neighbors were *afeard* before, they were now astounded outright, I calculate; and 'specially so when the *strange* sailor got out of his hogshead, and began to lay about him with a fist as hard and as big as a twelve-pounder cannon-shot, crying like a bull-frog in a swamp,—'Now I shall clear out! A plague upon ye all for a crew of cowardly, canting, lubberly knaves! I might have been sucked dry, and staid in the barrel for ever, if your comrade had borne no stouter a heart than you did.' Well, I guess, that by knocking down the helps and the neighbors, he soon made up a clear ship; and then, striding up to my Uncle Ben, who warn't a bit *afeared*, but was laughing at the fun, he says to him, says he, 'As for you, brother, you're a man after my own kidney, so give us your fin, and we'll be sworn friends, I warrant me.'

But as soon as he held out his hand, Uncle Ben thought he saw in it the mark of a red horseshoe, like a brand upon a nigger, which some do say was the very stamp that the devil put upon Captain Kidd, when they shook hands after burying his treasure at Boston, before he was hanged. 'Hagel!' says my Uncle Ben, says he, 'what's that in your right hand, my friend?' 'What's that to you?' said the old sailor. 'We mariners get many a broad and deep red scar, without talking about, or marking them; but then we get the heavy red gold, and broad pieces along with them, and that's a tarnation smart plaster, I calculate.' 'Then,' says my Uncle Ben again, says he, 'may I make an *enquerry* of you? Where were you *raised*? and who's your *Boss*?' 'Oh!' says the sailor, 'I was born at Nantucket, and Cape Cod, and all along shore there, as the nigger said; and for the captain I belong to, why he's the chief of all the fierce and daring hearts which have been in the world ever since time began.' 'And, pray, where's your *plunder*?' says my Uncle Ben to the *strannge* sailer; 'and how long have you been in that hogshead?' 'Over long, I can tell you, brother; I thought I was never going to come out, I calculate. As for my plunder, I reckon I don't shew every body my locker; but you're a bold fellow enough, and only give me your paw to close the bargain, and I'll fill your pouch with dollars for life. I've a stout ship, and comrades ready for sea, and there's plunder every where for lads of the knife and pistol, I reckon; though the squeamish Lord Bellamont does watch them so closely.' 'Lord who?' says Uncle Ben, a *leetle* bit madded and wondered. 'Why, Lord Bellamont, to be sure,' answered the *strannge* sailor, 'the English governor [illegible] my Uncle Ben again; for now his pluck was up, and there warn't no daunting him then; 'what have we to do with the old country, your kings, or your governor's? this is the free city of Boston, in the independant United States of America, and the second year of liberty, seventy-seven, I reckon. And as for your William the Third, I guess he was dead long before I was raised and I'm no cockerell. I'll tell you what it is, now, my smart fellow, you've got pretty considerable drunk in that rum cask, if you've been there ever since them old ancient days; and, to speak my mind plain, you're either the devil or Captain Kidd. But I'd have you to know, I'm not to be scared by a face of clay; if you were both, for I'm an old Kentuck Rowdey, of Town-Ford by the Elkhorn; my breed's half a horse and half an alligator, with a cross of the earthquake! You can't poke your fun at me, I calculate: and so, here goes upon you for a villain, and way!'

My Uncle Ben's pluck was now all up; for pretty considerable mad he was, and could bite in his breath no longer; so he flew upon the *strannge* sailor, and walked into him like a flash of lightning into a gooseberry bush, like a mighty, smart active man as he was. Hold of his collar laid my Uncle Ben, and I reckon they did stoutly struggle together for a *tarnation* long time, till at last the mariner's coat gave way, and showed that about his neck there was a halter, as if he had been only fresh cut down from the gibbet! Then my Uncle Ben did start back a pace or two, when the other let fly at him with a pretty considerable hard blow, and so laid him right slick sprawling along upon the ground. Uncle Ben said he never could guess how long they all laid there; but when they came to, they found themselves all stretched out like dead men by the niggers of the house, with a staved rum cask standing beside them. But now—mark you this well—on one of the head-boards of the barrel was wrote, 'W. K. The Vulture. 1701,' which was agreed by all to stand for William Kidd, the pirate. And July White, Uncle Ben's woolly-headed nigger, said that he was once a loblolly-boy on board of that very ship, when she was a sort of pickarooning privateer. Her crew told him that she sailed from the old country the very same year marked on the cask, when Kidd was hanged at Execution-Dock, and that they brought his body over to be near the treasure that he buried; and as every one knows that Kidd was tied up, twice, why, perhaps, he never died at all, but was kept alive in that mighty elegant rum cask, till my Uncle Ben let him out again, to walk about New-York and Boston, round Charles Bay and Cape Cod, the Old Sow and Pigs, Hellegat, and the Hen and Chickens.—There was a fat little Dutch parson, who used to think that this story was only a mighty smart fable, because nobody could remember seeing the pirate besides Uncle Ben; and he would sometimes say, too, that they were all knocked down by the rum, and not by the captain, though he never told Uncle Ben so, I calculate; for he always stuck to it handsomely. and wouldn't 'bate a word of it for nobody. When Uncle Ben had finished, he says,—'Jonathan W.' says he, 'I'll tell you what it is: I'll take it as a genuine favor if you'll pay Major Hickory for the sangaree and the toddy, and we'll be quits another day.' And so I paid for it every cent; but would you believe it? Though I've asked him for it a matter of twenty times, and more than that, Uncle Ben never gave me back the trifle that he borrowed of me, from that day to this!'

NEW ENGLAND GALAXY,
AND
UNITED STATES LITERARY ADVERTISER.

FRIDAY EVENING, JAN. 14, 1831.

The Armenians, A Tale of Constantinople. This work is an Eastern Tale by Charles McFarlane dedicated to Thomas Hope, Esq. the celebrated author of Anastasius. The story is briefly told in the preface. In the Armenians the author has taken up a very singular people of whom little has been hitherto known; and has made notes attached to the story, the means of conveying a good deal of information. The tale is said to be nearly all matter of fact. The son of a Greek Hospodar became enamoured of the daughter of an Armenian banker at Constantinople. They loved—met—married—and were parted in the manner Mr. McFarlane has related; and in the course of the story there is an alteration and addition of but a few incidents.

Much inferior as it may be to Anastasius, there is still a good deal of merit and interest in the Armenians. Many of the descriptions are beautiful. The characters is well-drawn and lively; the dialogue varied and pretty well sustained. We have room only for the following extract, which contains an agreeable account of a very useful and entertaining personage:

It was the *artiste*, or the barber painter, whose throat Constantine had not cut for the misadventure of the eyebrow, that first brought the welcome intelligence, that Veronica and all her host were safely housed in their mansion, stately, though of wood, that formed one of the most striking features in the shabby street that runs nearly the whole length of the hilly suburb.

This ingenious fellow, who united the experience of an Italian theatre to his natural and Greek dexterity, had never, like the Armenian Melkon, been detected by the seraff's family. His handicraft had indeed been seen, and its force felt on the night of the supper, but he had been kept out of sight, and might still be employed as an emissary to pry about the Armenian residence. The only thing that imported was to mask his communications with the Prince; but to one so clever, this could not be difficult, nor did his confidence in his talent permit him to doubt but that he should soon renew the correspondence between the fair captive and her impatient lover.

The *artiste* met with many difficulties.

At last he succeeded, and gained admittance within the seraff's walls, as the devil got into this world—through a woman's vanity!

It would not be suspected that Eastern females who have such rare opportunities of showing their faces, should take much trouble "in making them up;" and it would be thought, that the difficulty of exhibiting themselves to admirers out of doors, would save them [illegible] within; and yet The passion for them pervades all classes: the flower of the harem consumes a little treasure in the cutaneous tints; the Armenian drudge lays it on as thick as the Greek lady—but the latter, at least, has an advantage over the others, for she walks about the city with an unveiled face.

These Eastern dames, moreover, surpass our ladies of the West, in the number of their artificial hues, for, besides the lilies and roses they plant on their cheek, they use the blackening surme for their eyebrows, (which when they can, they unite into one) and for their eyes, round which it casts a melting and most voluptuous expression; and they dye their finger-nails and even their toe-nails with khenna.

The hand-maidens of the seraff's house were accustomed to purchase the charms of their complexions from a boyadji or itinerant vender of colours, one of those who perambulate the streets of Constantinople, enquiring who will be beautified.

The barber-painter, ever on the watch, like the serpent of old about the avenues of paradise, saw this merchant of beauty one morning entering the gate of the seraff's house;—he rubbed his hands in joy, for he knew him, and knew that, Turk as he was, he was an unscrupulous rogue, who would lend himself to any plot that should put money in his girdle. The *artiste* waited till he re-appeared in the street, and then, following him, he, at a convenient corner, and with as little circumlocution as might be, opened his business.

"You promise me twenty piastres if I will carry a letter into the Armenian house and deliver it to the young lady Veronica, but I do not go beyond the threshold of the hall-door, I never see the damsels of the house—there are several of them too—how should I know Veronica from the others? and then they don't go with bare faces, like some men's wives. Covered in their yashmacks, if I did see them, I might pop the letter, instead of into the hands of the kuz, into those of her grandmother."

"Ah, my dear Kara Mustapha, you are a clever man—your intelligence is as bright as a new English watch—you know the difference between alum and barley-sugar—and pray, don't you happen to know among the handmaidens, one, more particularly than the rest—one who if you were to slip a tiny piece of paper into her hand, with a supply of your colours for her toilet, and such a thing as a ten-piastre-piece for her purse, would convey the first of the articles to the young lady in question?"

The boyadji reflected for a moment. "There is, said he, "a poor wench I have sometimes cast my eye upon, a fag that seems to serve the servants; she has frequently approached my basket, but probably not having the means, has never bought of my wares; even this morning I saw her looking wistfully over the shoulders of the other women—perhaps she might be tempted."

"Tempted! why, Mustapha, she must be ripe for any thing!—what conspiracy could frighten a woman that is too poor to paint her cheeks?—and then as to our business, we treat of a matter simple and without danger, either to her or to us."

"Twenty piastres," said the vender of colours, "would be soon earned, but would not it look very much like playing the part of a pezavenk?"

"Kara Mustapha, that's alum—don't swallow it—pezavenk, indeed!—do you think I would have you eat such dirt?—No, no; you would only have to carry a bit of paper, now and then, and your prophet bids you esteem bits of paper!"

"But the words written therein will not be the words of the Khoran."

"How do you know that," said the *artiste*, "you can't read, and a bit of paper is always——"

"A bit of paper—and twenty piastres are twenty piastres; but could not your master, whoever he is, make thirty of them?—the skin over my conscience is thinner than the finest paper ever made at Kiat-hana. I think after all I shall be playing something very much like the part of a go-between—couldn't you make it thirty piastres?"

"Kara Mustapha! it is not for men like you and me to lower the price of conscience! be it then thirty piastres. Inshallah! and you shall have thirty piastres!"

"Allah Kherim!"—I have made a good day's work," cried the vender of colours, and the whole business was settled.

Truth.—There are two sides to every question, and we give place with pleasure to the following finely written review of a work that we mentioned a week or two since with considerable approbation. The volume in question has occasioned a good deal of remark, and speculation as to its origin. Two or three gentlemen in the vicinity have been charged with it, but the latest suggestion we have seen on the subject attributes it to Mr. Prentice, of Louisville.

TRUTH,—A NEW YEAR'S GIFT FOR SCRIBBLERS.—If the author of this work had been contented with getting up a poem of the ordinary length, and publishing it in a quiet way in the newspapers, we should have let him slide down the smooth descent to oblivion without any help or hindrance of ours; but when we have a very distressing impression of the labor he has bestowed upon its composition, when we see it swelled out to twelve hundred lines,—"magna est Veritas,"—and printed with many accompaniments of pretension; the case assumes a more serious aspect, and seems to call imperiously for interposition.

We shall therefore waste a few words upon this production, premising, that we have not the least idea of acting up to the spirit of the Greek proverb, 'chejones phagein è me phagein;' either eat the whole snail, or let it quite alone. Enough is as good as a feast.

Looking upon "Truth" as a *Satire* only, we must briefly observe, that its tone is coarse and vulgar, that no neat hits are to be found in it, no well-printed pleasantry, and that we are nowhere called upon to admire that decisive criterion of a superior genius, the insinuated sarcasm, the delicate invective; in Dryden's language, 'the fineness of the stroke that separates the head from the body and leaves it standing in its place.' 'Any man,' said the wife of a very useful, though ignoble member of the British Commonwealth, 'any man is capable of a plain piece of work, a *bare hanging*, but to make a malefactor die *sweetly*, 'tis only *my* Mr. Ketch can do that!' *Our* Mr. Ketch has none of this merit. He possesses a mind as innocent of all grace, taste, and delicacy, as if he had dropped, with the last thunder stone, from the moon. His abuse is indiscriminate. Nor is it simply abuse; it is the language of Billingsgate, except that it is infinitely more rancorous than anything which he can possibly have learned in that school of native politeness.

It is a conceit of Cowley in speaking of Ovid's writings during his banishment 'that the cold of the country had stricken through the very feet of his verses;' and as the feet of this gentleman's verses have all the visible signs of hobbling and inflation, and indeed are in such a state as to make us feel it would be barbarous to handle them too roughly, we shall be as gentle as possible in touching upon their *poetical* merit.

Before commencing the poem, we had a sort of presentiment that it would open with an invocation to Phœbus and the Nine, and accordingly we find the author calling upon them to screw tight his catgut, to assist him in making a shift, to lend him a spark of fire, a feather broom, and a paper of pins.

Moths, millers, gnats and butterflies I sing;
Far darting Phœbus, lend my strain a sting;
Much courted virgins, long enduring Nine,
Screw tight the catgut of this lyre of mine:
If D-na, D-wes, and P-erp-nt ask your aid,
If W-ll-s takes to rhyming as a trade,
If L-nt and F-nn to Pindus' top aspire,
I too may blameless beg one spark of fire;
Not such as warmed the brains of Pope and Swift—
With less assistance I can make a shift:
To Gifford's bow and shafts I lay no claim;
He shot at hawks, but I at insects aim:
Yet grant, since I must war on little things,
And pins to stick them in [illegible].

Several sources of gratification will occur to the readers of the foregoing quotation; first, from being assured that the bearer of this second Thersites has a crown; secondly, that he is far from considering himself as having any legitimate claim to the bow and shafts of the late Mr. Gifford; thirdly, that the Delphic king has opened a variety store, where little poets can be accommodated with pins, brooms, tinder, &c.; and, fourthly, that he does business upon a dangerous system of small credits, and has induced this amiable and well mannered young man to purchase an immortality of a month, charging him therefor an eternity of oblivion.

That we may not be suspected of misleading our readers by partial and selected quotations, we shall now lay before them some of the very passages which have been copied into one or more of the weekly prints as deserving of some praise, which, in all probability the author himself considers as the most admirable specimens of his genius.

"Good reader, has it never given thee pain to hear a warbling girl strain her gullet? it fares just so with Mellen; he sung for awhile, and the indulgent public smiled, but raise his note so high! his is a bad case; bring a straight jacket, for the man is mad. He write a satire! He presume to call (himself of all the very longest eared) his fellows asses! He presume to chide at Zanies! 'tis fraticide dowaright! Restricted to the bar, his impudence would push his fortune how far, Heaven but knows! Unnatural Mellen, how, how didst thou dare to tear and rend fowls of thy proper kind? to thee were the same measure meted out, how great, poor fellow, would be thy sufferings!"

In this passage in which Mr. Mellen is likened to a girl, a jackass, a zany, and a fowl of a proper kind; we believe the most suspicious reader could detect no indication of poetry; and yet it is one of our author's best passages divested merely of the metre with which it is adorned in the original:

Good reader, has it never given thee pain
To hear a warbling girl her gullet strain?
Just so it fares with M-ll-n; for a while
He sung, and made th' indulgent public smile,
But raise his note so high!—his case is bad;
Bring a straight jacket, for the man is mad.
He write a satire!—He presume to call
(Himself the very long eared of all,)
His fellows asses!—He presume to chide
At zanies!—'tis a downright fratricide.
His impudence, restricted to the bar,
Would push his fortune, Heaven but knows how far.
Unnatural M-ll-n, how, how didst thou dare
Fowls of thy proper kind to rend and tear?
Were the same measure meted out to thee,
How great, poor fellow, would thy sufferings be!

We may now try another passage by the same test. Is there anything of the imagery or diction of poetry, any glittering fragments even, or scattered brilliancy in the following statement?

'My muse, stoop very low! apply the lash to J. O. Rockwell, author of such trash, as even in the monthly Magazine, is seldom seen in this trashy age. Rockwell, who, somewhat conscious he's a bore, signs very properly, his pieces, J. O. R. Rockwell, who sometimes, perhaps by accident, hammers out a really fine line,' &c.

This however is but a slight transposition of the following stanza;

Stoop very low, my muse; apply the lash
To J. O. R-ckw-ll, author of such trash
As in this age of trash is seldom seen,
Not even in the Monthly Magazine!
R-ckw-ll, who, somewhat conscious he's a bore,
Signs, very properly, his pieces J. O. R.:
R-ckw-ll, who sometimes hammers out a line,
Perhaps by accident, that's really fine;
But in the self-same breath, to make amends,
Fires a broadside of nonsense at his friends.
That R-ckw-ll ever writes is strange indeed,—
Stranger that any can be found to read:
Yet those whose time the Statesman serves to kill,
May, with a relish, gulp this smaller pill.

And this is poetry? surely to give the name of poetry to such lines as we have quoted, merely because they are furnished with their proper quota of syllables, is a stretch of complaisance only to be equalled by that of Linnæus, when he classed bats with mankind in consideration of the mammæ.

Our 'dreadful masquerader' then expends a small portion of his impudence upon Mr. Sprague. "In works of criticism it is necessary to have a *clear* and *logical head*" says Mr. Addison, and it is sufficiently manifest that without the internal conviction of enjoying that indispensable advantage, this gentleman would not have favored the public with his masterly performance, christened (lucus a non lucendo) "Truth." But as far as we are able to judge, he has not the slightest pretension to any critical acumen whatever. He compares Mr. S. to a rocket in the first line, and says his flame is steady in the eighth, speaks of *sterling* bullion being *thrice refined* in the ninth, and in the tenth, mistakes, the meaning of exchequer, extolls him for classic purity in one stanzas, and declares his lines smell of oil in another, and to conclude, frankly avows that Mr. S. strings his harp at the call of Mammon, and that his (the author's) heart sweats blood in consequence thereof. Both of which assertions are made with a conscientious disregard of facts. Indeed, though the first pretension of our satirist is honesty, and though, if the reader will take his word for it, "Truth held the light, and conscience drove the pen;" yet we have surmised that this same bearer of a hand candlestick must be some relation to 'that vile thief Deformed,' who, in Dogberry's time, used to 'go up and down like a gentleman.' He accuses Mr. S. too of occasional harshness, and we have have heard the same complaint entered against another delightful poet of our city. As if the want of polish in some of its minute parts does not rather add to than deprive a poem of its energy. Did the author never see the elder Kean, when to give emphasis to some passage of overwhelming passion, he has seemed wilfully to assume a position constrained, stiffened, violent, diametrically opposite to the rules of grace, in order, as it were, to concentrate himself for the utterance of grief or passion, which disdained embellishment. In the same manner, versification in the hands of a master bard, is as frequently correspondent to the thoughts it expresses as to the action it describes, and the 'line labors and the words move slow' under the heavy and painful thought; wrung, as it were, from the bosom, as when Ajax is heaving his massy rock. As to Mr. S's counting his numbers as he counts his cash,' and lacking the power 'to rouse the fancy or to touch the heart,' we have only time to say that the first assertion is without a particle of truth, and that the second is only applicable to an individual, who is capable of such a union of insensibility and ignorance, of inanity and pretension, as our author.

We wish we could quote all the passages to which we refer; but, alas! we must be satisfied with here a dip and there a dip; sure, however, that, like little Jack Horner, wherever we put in our thumb we must pull out a plum.

Mr. Halleck is introduced after this fashion;

'A glorious planet in the zenith beams,
'From north to south its golden radiance streams.'

We were inclined to think that an excellent telescope would be required to find a planet in the zenith, acknowledge our mistake, and are [illegible] astronomy and criticism, thus walking hand in hand. In the next line our author favors us with the *gender* of this novelty in the star family, and, a little after, speaks of Mr. Halleck's very favourable reception by Posterity in the following nervous and highly finished lines,

The careless poet has inscribed a name
Not to be blotted from the book of Fame;
A name that Yankees to be born shall view,
And boast that Halleck was a Yankee too.

Then, kindly assuring us that *dear* Halleck is *his* favorite, he summons up all his energies of power and malice, and pronounces this portentous denunciation.

'Cursed be the hand that plucks a hair of thine!'

From the evil effects of which may the Lord deliver the hair-dressers of New York! And now, proceeding to perform his last revolution round this planet in the zenith, he exclaims, as if prophetically, "awake, O Halleck! awake!" an order, by the way, which, in his *second* edition, we advise him to extend to all his hearers, for we rather believe, that this satire will very clearly explain why that people of antiquity—the Trazenians, sacrificed to sleep and the muses on the same altar.

The last passage in the poem is the apostrophe to Brainard. Yet what will be thought of a man writing a triumphal stanzas on his own abilities,

Lamented Brainard! since no living line
Records thy worth, I'll make that merit mine.
Be mine the task to make fresh roses bloom,
And shed undying fragrance on thy tomb.

And what if that man be at best but a small turner of common places! The passage ends too with a vulgar error,

Fair cygnus thus, while life's last pulses roll,
Pours forth in melody her parting soul.

A most comical melody, that of a dying swan!—

The ingenious and modest young gentleman acknowledges that in these lines he has imitated the tribute to Kirk White. We never should have thought so, and we earnestly beg of him not to compare himself to Lord Byron, if he does, Apollo will shoot him instantly dead—a bird of Paradise and a Friezeland fowl would not look more absurdly on the same perch.

Our limits will allow us but one quotation more and though we are far from intending to return any answer to it, yet we confess that this passage, and a more personal, and, if possible, a more vulgar one, upon a person of this city, chiefly exerted us to take the trouble of noticing this work. The author might have complimented himself unceasingly upon his own eloquence and honesty; written, if possible, in a more malignant, coarse, and ungentlemanly style, and believed, as he now believes, that he was surpassing Byron,—we should not have meddled with him. But if the creature, in his endeavors to crawl into light, must take his way over the pages of better men, disfiguring the records of their genius with the slime and filth, which mark his track, it is right to point him out, that he may be thrown back to the situation in which nature designed that he should grovel.

Dismissing M-ll-n to the state of mist,
The name of P-uld-ng* next adorns the list;
A name well worthy of no second place
On the dark record of the land's disgrace.
When first ambitious hopes his heart inspired,
The itch, † congenial theme, his fancy fired;
A theme that Nature did express devise,
To find his hand its proper exercise:
So well his pen the subject seemed to match,
And brought his thoughts so promptly to the scratch,
That all who read, this common inference drew,
He wrote with feeling, and from knowledge too.
On mountain ridges, over stump and stone,
His coach poetic next goes jolting on,‡
Until the passengers, with tears and groans,
Complain of aching heads and broken bones,
And swear, if once they reach the level plain,
Never to patronize 'that line' again;
But rather go on foot for all their lives,
Than trust the car that such a Jehu drives.

* Repeated failures have not convinced this man of his imbecility. He still continues to write, and may be considered incorrigible. At this present writing, I hear that he has produced a prize comedy. I hope it is like nothing he has before given to the world.

† The Lady of the Scottish Fiddle, is a very miserable parody. I read it about ten years ago, since which I have not seen a copy.

‡ The Back Woodsman, a Poem. This work is not like Homer, or Pope, or Dryden, or Byron. All that can be said positively of it is, that many of the lines appear to have been intended for pentameters.

Dr. Percival is shoved aside with very little ceremony. Indeed we may ascribe it entirely to the forbearance of our author that he is not crushed altogether. Mr. Hillhouse fares somewhat better, though the fellow talks as familiarly to this 'lion

As maids of thirteen do to puppy dogs.'

As for the rest (Bryant excepted) they are dismissed with the gentle valediction of *Pandarus* to the Trojans—asses, fools, dolts! chaff and bran! porridge after meat! But enough—

——'the sweetest honey
Is loathsome in its own deliciousness,'—

and we would not willingly cloy our readers. Sufficient has been produced to encourage them, not indeed to contend for the possession of the book, but to avoid its perusal, lest they meet with a disappointment similar to that of poor Slender, who rushing to the embraces of Anne Page, found himself in the gripe of a lubberly post master's boy. L.

The Young Reader, by the Rev. John Pierpont.—Boston, published by Richardson, Lord & Holbrook, 1830. 18mo. pp. 162.

The Reading Books for schools by the Rev. Mr. Pierpont, have acquired an unusual degree of celebrity. The series, consisting of four volumes, the one named at the head of this article, the Introduction, the National Reader, and the First Class Book, furnish a complete course of progressive exercises in this department of education. The different works named possess unequal degrees of merit; but, as a whole, they have a less number of faults, than any other reading books of a similar design, with which we are acquainted. And even these faults are of a nature easily to be removed—a few pieces which ought to be excluded. The Young Reader, in our opinion, is decidedly the best. The idea for such a work was a happy one; and the execution is deserving more praise, by far, than the plan. Many authors have formed similar designs; but, owing to the difficulty of adapting instruction to the juvenile mind, there has generally been a want of success in the completion of them. Mr. Pierpont furnishes a valuable exception, in the Young Reader. It is as near to what it should be as can well be imagined. We have read the most of it, and have not found a single thing with which to find fault. And what, in our mind, is the most conclusive evidence in its favor, is the fact, that we have seen a family of children read the same lessons over the second and third time, within the space of twenty four hours. First, to themselves; then to each other, their bright eyes sparkling with interest; and lastly, before satisfied to lay the book aside, to their parents.

[illegible] Elements of Physics.—[illegible] We have received this very valuable work, reprinted from the first London edition. The present portion of the treatise comprehends the subjects of Heat and Light, explained, independently of Technical Mathematics. The reputation of this work in Great Britain would be a sufficient assurance of its superiority, even if it were given to the American public by less judicious and discriminating publishers than Messrs. Carey & Lea.

The Gleaner.—A volume under this title has just been issued from the press, comprising miscellaneous selections from our periodical journals.—It contains among other amusing matters several pieces by Hood, illustrated by the original cuts; many popular humorous articles that have originated on our own side of the water; and some of the most spirited prose sketches that have appeared during the last six months in the English magazines.

New Paper.—We have received two numbers of a new religious paper just established in this city, by Mr. Benjamin True. It is beautifully printed under the title of the New England Baptist Register. The original articles indicate much talent and industry in the gentleman who has furnished them, and the following sketch is so much above the general run of our current poetry that we must take the liberty of transferring it to our own columns:

THE WIDOW OF NAIN.

The Roman sentinel stood helm'd and tall
Beside the gate of Nain. The busy tread
Of comers in the city mart was done,
For it was almost noon, and a dead heat
Quivered upon the fine and sleeping dust,
And the cold snake crept panting from the wall
To bask his scaly circles in the sun.
Upon his spear the soldier lean'd and kept
His drowsy watch, and as his waking dream
Was broken by the solitary foot
Of some poor mendicant, he rais'd his lids,
To curse him for a tributary Jew,
And slumberously dozed on.
'Twas now high noon.
The dull, low murmur of a funeral
Went thro' the city—the sad sound of feet
Unmix'd with voices—and the sentinel
Shook off his slumber and gazed earnestly
Up the wide street along whose paved way
A mourning throng wound slowly. They came on,
Bearing a body heavily on its bier,
And by the throng that in the burning heat
Walk'd with forgetful sadness, 'twas of one
Mourn'd with uncommon sorrow. The broad gate,
Swung on its hinges, and the Roman bent
His spear-point downwards as the bearers pass'd
Bending beneath their burden. There was one—
Only one mourner. Close behind the bier,
Crumpling the pall up in her wither'd hands,
Follow'd an aged woman. Her slow steps
Falter'd with weakness, and a broken moan
Fell from her lips, thickened convulsively
As her heart bled afresh. The pitying crowd
Followed apart, but no one spoke to her,
She had no kinsmen. She had lived alone—
A widow with one son. He was her all—
The only tie she had in the wide world—
And this was he. They could not comfort her.

Jesus drew near to Nain as from the gate
The funeral came forth. His lips were pale
With the noon's fainting heat. The beaded sweat
Stood on his forehead, and about the worn
And simple latchets of his sandals lay
Thick the white dust of travel. He had come
Since sunrise from Capernaum, staying not,
To wet his lips at green Bethsaida's pool,
Nor turn him southward upon Tabor's side
To catch Gilboa's light and spicy breeze.
Genesareth stood cool upon the East,
Fast by the sea of Galilee, and there
The weary traveller would rest till eve,
And on the alders of Bethulia's plains
The grapes of Palestine hung ripe and wild;
Yet turned he not aside, but gazing on
From every swelling mount, [illegible]
Amid the hills the humble spires of Nain,
The place of his next errand, and the path
Touch'd not Bethulia, and a league away
Upon the East lay breezy Galilee.
He thought but of his work. And over thus
With godlike self forgetfulness he went
Thro' all his mission—healing [illegible]
Where'er he came, and never known to weep
But for a human sorrow, or to stay
His feet but for some praying [illegible].
And in the garden, when his spirit grew
"Exceeding sorrowful," and those he loved
Forgot him in his agony, and slept—
How heavenly gentle was his mild [illegible]
"Could ye not watch with me one hour? Sleep on!
Sleep on!"
Forth from the city gate the throng
Followed the aged mourner. They came near
The place of burial, and with straining hands
Closer upon her breast she clasp'd the pall,
And with a hurried sob, quick as a child's,
And an inquiring wildness flashing thro'
The thin gray lashes of her fevered eyes,
She passed where Jesus stood beside the way.
He look'd upon her and his heart was moved.
"Weep not!" he said, and as they stayed the bier,
And at his bidding set it at his feet,
He gently drew the pall from out her hands,
And laid it back in silence from the dead.
With troubled wonder the mute crowd [illegible]
And gazed on his calm looks. A [illegible]
He stood and prayed. Then, taking the cold hand,
He said "Arise!"—and instantly the breast
Heaved in its cerements, and a sudden flush
Ran through the lines of the divided lips,
And, with a murmur of his mother's name,
He trembled and sat upright in his cerements,
And while the mourner hung upon his neck,
Jesus went calmly on his way to Nain.

Fashion.—The article which follows is from the London Court Journal. We have [illegible] indebted to this paper for [illegible] sometimes very agreeable poetry; [illegible] late it has been too much occupied with [illegible] we sometimes find a paper that is [illegible] own meridian.

The Peer, Prince, Peasant, Soldier, [illegible]
Goddess of change, bend low before your [illegible]
Swearing to follow, wheresoe'er you [illegible]
Though you eat toads, or walk upon your [illegible]

We doubt not some of our readers [illegible] ion, if they think on such matters at all, [illegible] enlightened age, the second [illegible] come obsolete, and might as well be [illegible] the decalogue; for, say they, who [illegible] themselves graven images, or fall down [illegible] and stones? and if we venture to tell [illegible] the worshippers of Baal were not [illegible] people than the present race, they [illegible] vote us Goths or Vandals; [illegible] heard this happily exemplified [illegible] preacher, who in discoursing on [illegible] false gods, exclaimed, "[illegible] all idolaters! what, you [illegible] yourselves, I suppose, mighty sober [illegible] could I at this moment—aye, even in this house—lay bare your hearts, could I [illegible] view your darling deities—a pretty [illegible] would make! Here we should [illegible] money bags; there, [illegible] in one nook, a fatted calf; in another, [illegible] play-things; in this corner, [illegible] gew-gawn, and in that, a little [illegible]

These several idols exhibited by [illegible] preacher" have, without doubt, their worshippers, and may be looked upon as [illegible] household gods; but FASHION is the [illegible] GERNAUT before the wheels of which [illegible] and young, high and low, prostrate [illegible] on her altar we make a voluntary [illegible] ease, comfort, and fortune.

HEALTH, for example, warns us [illegible] meals, to live temperately, and to keep [illegible] but FASHION urges us to dine later [illegible] tors supped, to feed on ragouts, and [illegible] "the midnight revel and the [illegible] FASHION is obeyed.

NATURE loudly proclaims, [illegible] dal movements; but FASHION [illegible] till ye can neither eat nor sleep," [illegible] prevails.

COMFORT invites us, during [illegible] winter, to enjoy with her the [illegible] family circle, and rational [illegible] allures us through frost and snow [illegible] less throng, and circulate the [illegible] During the summer solstice, COMFORT [illegible] us to a country retreat, [illegible] storm a shelter, and from heat a [illegible] ION drags us to some sterile [illegible] the sun's piercing rays [illegible] lodging, but one brick thick, [illegible] boreas rocks us in our beds!

PRUDENCE admonishes us to keep [illegible] pace, and not to make an appearance [illegible] means, or vie in style with our wealthier [illegible] but FASHION laughs to scorn such [illegible] and points out the necessity of our [illegible] or people," tells us it is but [illegible] last, and asks, Where can we [illegible] pany?

FASHION, nevertheless, keeping [illegible] bounds, is like a navigable [illegible] banks; it enriches and [illegible] which it flows. It is only when it [illegible] sion and a rage, that it calls for [illegible] sor; when every new whim is [illegible] is new, and what was perfect [illegible] ceive to day. Caprice but too often [illegible] to flight, and

"Fashion guides where reason [illegible]

Thus even the learned and reputed [illegible] upon the hook, and run down the [illegible] bait, like a trout with the fly, and [illegible] its influence in matters of Religion, [illegible] and Sciences, &c.

ATHEISM ruled its hour! [illegible] have their day! The newest [illegible] we think, is the Association for [illegible] —which will continue for a time, [illegible] its votaries and subscribing [illegible] has been proved to demonstration [illegible] sheet, that the converts [illegible] portion to the pounds, shillings [illegible] tra. It may be doubted whether [illegible] is sufficiently near, even supposing [illegible] prediction prove correct, to [illegible] SOCIETY" fashionable at present, [illegible] agine, is somewhat premature; [illegible] be sufficient scope for the [illegible] sior (by the bye, where is he?) [illegible] ets to still greater perfection, [illegible] will, new bombs, upon [illegible] explosion! CHARITY is even [illegible] stalking horse of Fashion, and [illegible] is but too frequently exercised [illegible] once alone, when otherwise, [illegible] friended orphan plead—[illegible] implore.

"Close Chrumes, deaf to the [illegible]
Parts with an unmatch'd guinea [illegible]
No melting o'er his [illegible]
More than from Apollo [illegible]
But Fashion dictates, and the [illegible]
(D——g the poet), his [illegible]

PHYSIC is swayed by FASHION [illegible] tor of less titled import, [illegible] pelled by him, nerves have yielded [illegible] the certain confluence is [illegible] FASHION, moreover, is equally [illegible] choice of the doctor as in the [illegible] Some have mounted to eminence [illegible] ver's powders; others have [illegible] prussic acid; the crude [illegible] that nothing can save you [illegible] malady) but—phlebotomy, [illegible] nounces your only chance to [illegible] can all recollect one quack who [illegible] (vogue, fortune) by plunging his patients [illegible] chins in a cold bath; and we have [illegible] or in the provinces, who [illegible] by emptying them as page! [illegible]

...for fear they should one day or other be ...d not be more particularly alluded to.

A great luminary arises in CHEMISTRY, and ... a thousand *ignes fatui* dazzle the multitude; ... is the rage, we talk learnedly of Paracelsus, Boyle, and Boerhaave; deny the existence of ... with Lavoisier, discuss distillation, sublimation, deflagration, and calcination, with much ...; become experimental; neutralise ... with alkalis, weigh the precipitates of mineral..., our water, and analyse our meat, lest there should be "death in the pot!"

Certain great men contend at an auction for ... worm-eaten, black-letter volume or so! a ... becomes instantly epidemical; no ... whether we can read or not, our book-cases ... be filled with scarce authors, *tall copies*, and ... editions—above all let not the *binding* be ...! "Be sure Sir," said one of the *Il-literati* ... bookseller, "that these volumes are hand... bound." "Will you have them bound in ... Turkey, Sir?" "Oh! hang it (was the ...) need not send them all that distance ... they can be done well enough in ..."

... appears a little on the wane, not... the recondite dogmatism of Mr. ..., and the efforts its votaries have made to ... life by a change of nomenclature, for ... of *craniological bumps* but of ... *organs*.

A ... peer and a Norfolk "'squire of high ..." commenced, some years since, to fatten ... the prizes for overgrown turnips, and ... meetings became the rage all ...; pigs were crammed till they ..., and bullocks devoured oilcake ... a lump of adipose matter, fitter for ... than the butcher. Overfed animals ... inventions are still annually ex... many places besides Smithfield; models ..., and I know not what implements be... shewn which we long to take home as ... children, and in truth most of them are ... else; as, although beautiful in *theory* ... generally useless in *practice*. Those ... gentlemen" who have not by this time in... learnt to construe *experientia docet*, can ... but the advantages of the drill sys... the broadcast, discourse (even in the draw...) of crossing their stock, and descant on ... of breeding in and in!

AGRICULTURALISTS must have their shows and ..., and the Country Journals are rich in ... that Mr. Mould has received an ... tea spoon for the best seedling pink; ... has been awarded a beautiful pepper ... the finest melon; and that Mr. Ripe has ... handsome silver half-pint cup for the larg... —to obtain which, he had to strip ... of all their berries, save some five or six ... a year's produce to exhibit half a dozen.

... been invited last autumn, to a *grand* ... sportsman, after surveying us for ... exclaimed, "Good heaven!—single bar... and flint!—not even a Joe Manton!" ... to the *maitre de chasse*, said in an ...—"who is your friend?" At ... the day, however, when accounts ... cast up, it appeared that the balance of ... much in our favor; so, bowing to ... we said, "if you can ascertain the shop ... powder is sold, you will find it ... than double barrel, percussion ... caps, and that you may then kill ... with single barrel, steel and flint, ... as a fair sportsman ought to destroy ...."

... a few years ago were all coach... contented with the occupation of ser... their dress—their habits—and their ... they have exchanged the *upper ben...* ... *shallow* for the *blue jacket* and *check* ... mail coach is metamorphosed into a ... fashion has at all events one advantage ... piping time of peace;"—it gives bread ... to some hundreds of our brave mar... it must be admitted, a befitting pas... wealthy sons of Britannia,

... is o'er the mountain wave,
... the deep!

... SPECULATION is still pretty fresh ..., when all Golconda opened to our ... fortunes would be instantly quad... ... shares in joint stock compa... in Foreign funds, and holding Chil... fashion has, however, *effectually* ... it would be well if the numerous ... could meet with as salutary a check ... remedy. But we pause; for to ... Queen through all her vagaries ... task; especially as, in spite of ... ever wrote, we shall ... change to change:

... WORLD, AND SUCH THE FASHION OF IT!

THEATRICAL.

... of the past week has been ... tragedy, "Tancred," (one paper ...") It would be easy to give the ... piece: but those who are inter... of this kind will take the trouble to ... representation; and it is much better ..., than written and read. At some ... may undertake such a critique upon ... the novelty of this *rara avis* among ... But that task requires time. The ... representation, too, makes it im... freely either upon the poetic ... beauties or blemishes of the play.— ... therefore, but a general impression. ... to compare Tancred with Metamora ... is superior to its predecessor in ... character, though likely, perhaps, ... less popular. *Olympia*, the Greek ... fortunate and finished conception. ... characteristic of the nation ... developed in her—intense but quick ... feeling, delicacy, grace, energy, ... In Mrs. Barnes' hands she ... the interest of the play: and it ... alone to give interest to any thing. ... other characters can be considered ... the exception of the old Greek fa..., who is original rather in his situa... and costume, than in trait. ... Sicilian Usurper, is the most distinct ..., with variations and accompaniments. ... the sly model of Iago, with the am... ..., the deformity and ill-hu... of *Gloster*.

... the play is in Sicily, and the unities .... The plot is simple and touch... ... like Metamora, in the in... of domestic incident. The king suppo... ... is raised again in the last act: ... the child of the Greek girl are ... the same way. Then we have the ... between the brothers, the suicide of ... and rescue of Augusta, the ... splendid "battle-field" and all the ... greetings of the good people at last. ... there is rather an over-proportion ... the management of plot, dialogue, ... of character. In this respect ... adopted the leading principle of Cooper in his Indian novels, as he has in his Metamora, and we are inclined to think that he has taken the most popular and perhaps not the most difficult style. As to composition, Tancred is incomparably superior to any thing else Mr. Stone has effected. There are weak lines, and a little bombast on a small scale, in the piece, as in the best tragedies of the day, and far more in the old plays. But generally, the language is nervous, and the rhythm though musical, diversified and skilfully broken up.

Of Mrs. Barnes's *Olympia* we have spoken. She vitalises the tragedy with its life-blood, doing all for it, that Forest does for Metamora. Her interview with *Romano* (Scott), equals any thing we have ever witnessed upon any stage. We cannot speak as we would of this specimen of superb power. It must electrify any audience that is not adamant. Alas! for her successor in Olympia, whoever she may be. Scott, Smith, Stone, and Mrs. Barreit do full justice to their several characters; and Pearson succeeds better than we have ever before seen him, in a part not at all adapted to the best display of his genius. He will never make a first-rate rascal, though he certainly improves in that line of his profession. His last scene, (where his wounds *oblige* him to discount largely from his ordinary weight of metal,) is infinitely his best. He should rely most habitually on his good countenance, and his action and tone. Such is our own impression, at least. We submit it with deference. While we think of it, Angelo says in one case, that "fall suspicion where it may, it cannot come to him," or something to that effect. It strikes us, however, that he makes himself in that very juncture the most observable man on the stage, by all odds. It seems impossible he should *not* be suspected. This may be natural indeed, but it would also be natural that he should try to conceal it, by at least turning his face from *Tancred*, and removing himself in some measure from his hearing. Such inconsistencies are common but not indispensable, we conceive. We could notice another in another character, but have no room.

Mr. Stone has his benefit this evening, and we heartily wish him the patronage which his intelligence and his industry deserve. As an actor, we have a high opinion of his manner, which is somewhat peculier. It is characterized by great naturalness united by thorough study. In some parts, particularly in old men of the class of Polonius, old Adam, Item, and the Brigand Peasant, he is entirely unrivalled. No actor of our acquaintance has more invariably a quick and true *feeling* of his character than Mr. Stone. To speak of Mr. Barnes's inimitable Paul Shack, Delph and Bowbell in this place or in any other, would be as needless as to add an inch to his nose.

By the way, we would just refer our readers to the card of Mrs. J. Barnes, in the hope that her appeal to the public may not be misunderstood or disregarded. As an actress of great merit, she has reason to expect much—as an amiable, virtuous and exemplary female in private life, more.—Her benefit will take place on Monday night, the 17th inst.—and if the above enumerated claims should seem insufficient to warrant a full house, she may repose her dernier resort in a good bill, spiced with the broad grins and unparallelled *twistifications* of Mr. B's phiz.

Musical Gem. We have looked through a copy of this very beautiful publication. It contains several splendid engravings, but from a cursory perusal, we think it rather inferior in literary merit. The articles which follow are among the prettiest:

THE SWISS MAIDEN'S SONG TO THE EAGLE.

BY WILLIAM BALL.

Where the craggy upland tow'rs,
O'er the glacier bright and high,
Lo, the King-bird! where it soars,
Wheeling through the azure sky.
Speed, O speed thee,
Wild one! heed thee,
To thy rocky covert hie:
Mountain Eagle! swiftly fly
From the marksman's fatal eye,
Mountain Eagle! swiftly fly!

Ranger of the trackless air!
Fast thy homeward pinion fly,
Or the proudest feather there
Soon will in the valley lie.
Speed thee, rover!
Or my lover
Will thy reckless play espy.
Beauteous Eagle! swiftly fly!
Shun the marksman's fatal eye,
Mountain Eagle! swiftly fly!

Ere the freighted echoes ring,
Nerve those regal plumes of thine,
Or the finest of thy wing
Hapless Eagle! will be mine.
Speed thee, speed thee,
Wild one! heed thee,
To thy rocky covert hie;
Mountain Eagle! swiftly fly!
From the marksman's fatal eye,
Mountain Eagle! safely fly.

"ROUSE THEE UP, SHEPHERD BOY!"

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH, BY W. BALL.

Rouse thee up, shepherd boy! for the pastures prepare,
And thy fleecy treasures counting;
Lead them forth, young and old, in the morning fair:
Come away, lad! away to the mountain!

Hear ye not, as they pass by the echoing rock,
The herdsmen, so merrily singing?
And the bright silver bell of the king of the flock,
At the head of his company, ringing?
Rouse thee up, shepherd boy! &c.

See, where yonder the light-footed hunter appears!
Already the bugles are sounding;
And lo! from the castle the gay cavaliers,
On their coursers, so gracefully bounding!
Rouse thee up, shepherd boy, &c.

HERE'S A HEALTH TO THAT FRIEND.

FROM A LADY'S ALBUM.

'Tis not while the fairy breeze fans the green sea,
That the strength of the bark may be known;
And 'tis not in prosperity's hour that the truth
Or the fervour of friends may be shown.

No! the *bark* must be proved when the tempest is high,
When dangers and mountain waves press;
The *friend* when the storm of adversity's nigh
For the touchstone of friendship's *distress*:
Here's a health to that friend! God bless him!

'Twas thus when my path was o'erclouded and drear,
And friends had all shrunk from the test,
That the chosen one came to relieve or to share
The sorrows that burthen'd my breast.

Past guilt may yet cease to be thought on, but never
Can time make my feeling of gratitude less:
May blessings unnumber'd descend, and for ever,
On the friend who is true in the hour of distress!
Here's a health to that friend! God bless him!

ITEMS.

Sir Walter Scott has retired from his situation as one of the principal Clerks of Session, on the pension to which he is legally entitled by length of service. Government handsomely offered him a pension to make up the loss of income he had sustained by his retirement, which our illustrious countryman, with that spirit of independence which has always characterised him, at once respectfully but firmly declined.

A divorce is now in progress in the Scots Ecclesiastical Court between Miss Paton and Lord W. Lenox.

Cobbett, with his usual diffidence, has lately offered his services to King William IV. as Prime Minister! He thinks he could save the country.

The royal visit to the Theatre decided the question, 'Whi ch holds most money?" Both were crammed. At Drury-lane the receipts were 776*l*; at Covent Garden 884*l*.

A learned Judge, in England, while trying a case, saw, just in front of him, a person wearing a hat—his Lordship desired one of the officers to make that man either take off his hat, or leave the Court. "My Lord," said the supposed offender, who turned out to be a lady, in a riding habit and smart beaver—"I am no man!"—"Then," said his Lordship, "I am no Judge."

Napoleon in Paradise is the title of one of the new plays performed with applause at Paris.

Hepigram by Lord Wenables—From the John Bull,

Vy is LORD GREY like a sveeping man,
Vot close by the crossings stalks?
Vy, because when he's made the best sveep as he can,
He takes up his BROOM and VALKS.
(Lord Brougham and Vaux.)

In Italy, a lover at a ball, places two fingers on his mouth, which signifies to a lady, you are very handsome, and I wish to speak to you. If she touches her cheek with her fan, and lets it gently drop, that signifies I consent; but if she turns her head, it is a denial. At a ball, in Paris, to take a lady out to dance with her, is only *indifference*, to place yourself near her is *interest*, but to follow her with your eyes in the dance, is *love*.

The other day a man not very learned in the law, was committed to jail, as he said, "on suspicion of debt." He didn't like the "construction" very well and gave his opinion on imprisonment for debt in the following clear and logical style, "There's neighbor Hardscrabble, and I; we were boys together.—We used to go to the same 'school ma'am,' when we wa'nt bigger than a mug o' cider. By some twistification of luck, he's got rich and I poor. He keeps a store where he buys and sells for profit—(I always got along, to be sure, by hard service—as Tom Tough said; till a while ago.) Says I, one day, neighbor Hardscrabble, I want a few dollars worth of your comfortables, and, if luck turns right, I'll pay you one of these days. So he let me have 'em. The long an' short of it is—I couldn't pay him when he wanted it; and now I'm here. Now if I ought to be put in jail for gitting trusted, he ought to be put in jail for trusting me!"

For the New England Galaxy.

THE SOPORIFIC COMEDY.

I was a young man—had a good opinion of myself, and wished every body else to have the same—so as Mr. Fitz Scribbleton Conway, my intimate acquaintance had produced a play which met with the most unbounded damnation, I determined not to be surpassed by my friend; accordingly sat down, and indited a 5 act piece called "The Sleeping Partner."—When I had finished this inimitable performance, I sat down to read it to my dozy uncle; and by the aid of snuff and occasional kicks upon the shins, managed to keep him awake until the termination of the first act. No scene. Further than this, it was impossible to obtain the victory over his sleeping peopensities, so suffering him to loll back in his chair, and snore a nose accompaniment, which might do well enough for orchestra music between the acts, I read it to myself. Each sentence flowed like melted honey from my lips; I applauded vehemently; I acted pit, boxes, and gallery, and gave to every scene three times three. Yet my uncle slumbered. To calculate the exact time of representation, I made pauses between the acts, and then indulged myself by mimicking the humours of a play-house during the interregnum. I would shout lustily like the gods—bellow and catcall like the pit, and talk chit-chat, and giggle like the dress circle of boxes. Still my uncle slept.

The next day I carried my play to the manager;—in a week he had read it, and decided that it would never do. In vain I stormed and swore; the ladies and gentlemen of the green-room also declared it only merited damnation, and refused, in a body, to support the characters. I was just about to rush to the next druggist's to purchase three pounds and a half of opium, and a junk bottle full of laudanum, when a bright idea flashed upon my brain. I would give Mr. Property, the manager three hundred dollars if he would consent to act it. I would be lavish of presents to the ladies and gentlemen of the *corps dramatique*, and swore, point blank, to pension the prompter. New dollars are rather scarce properties in a theatre, and my offer was too tempting to be rejected. Bills were pasted up about the town, and on Monday evening, said they, will be presented a new comedy, in five acts, from the pen of the Hon. Fitz-Thunderwell Flourish, entitled "The Sleeping Partner." On the morning of the eventful day—I was sitting dreaming of future fame, when a loud knocking was heard at the door. I ran forward, opened it, and was knocked down by the rush. An army of relatives, from nearest and dearest, to remotest and most unwelcome, encircled one like a crowd of ghastly shapes. Those near a kin marched bravely in the van, while nine-tenth cousins and their *acquaintances* brought up the rear. They opened upon me full cry. "Is it true?"

"Is what true," said I, bewildered.

"That you've written a play?"

"Certainly—and a devilish good one too."

"A play," cried a dandy fellow, raising his eye-glass to his eye, with the air of Smith, in Sir Benjamin Backbite—"how-id, haw-id intelligence! Why my de-aa fellea I must positively cut you-aa acquaintance—(*aside*)—when youaa Champaign's out."

"We were in hopes," shrieked a little turnip-nose old maid in a fashionable *to-que a la Susanne*—"that it was only a *ruse* of the manager to draw a house,—that putting your name on the bills as the author—but is it really true?—Oh my! I've heard a play-house is a perfect pandemonium."

"Madam—speaking of the drama—Dr. Johnson said'—

"Hang Dr. Johnson," said an acquaintance of a friend of one of the nineteenth cousins, a testy little old fellow in a brown wig, "don't talk to me of *apothecaries!*"

"But you'll go," said I, tossing two handfulls of box-tickets among the group.

"Oh, yes, I'll go," said the little fellow in the brown wig, "I always make a pint on going when I can for nothing."

"Oh! yes—we'll all go!" shouted the party as they backed ceremoniously out of the apartment—"we'll all go—but it's a wicked place—horrid—shocking—infamous—won't go again—miserable concern," &c. &c. &c. (Exeunt Omnes.)

It was late when I entered the theatre. I anticipated fearfully as I approached the box-lobby, the groans, hisses, and catcalls which should proclaim its condemnation. I was mistaken. I opened a box-door and entered *in medias res*. No noise—no hisses—they were all asleep! The act-drop fell at the termination of the first act. Here was a rousing among the audience; and I distinctly heard an old man in the pit say to his little boy,—"wake up—wake up—my son: Tom, eat your apple—I did'nt bring you here to sleep." Alas! 'ere the termination of the sentence, the father snored himself, and Tommy's powerful jaws crushed into the apple, without his having life enough to open them again. Dear little fellow! he was sound asleep.

The act-drop rose again. I involuntarily turned my eyes towards the eight boxes occupied by my relatives, to ascertain, if they too slept. These were awake, for the most part; but the rapid circulation of the hartshorn bottle, proved that their wakefulness was effected by the application of powerful stimulants, and was soon to cease. At the fourth act every being slumbered. The performers gaped and yawned, and stumbled bravely through their parts. The *denouement* approached—the last scene came—and the *dramatis persona* took their station in front of the stage. The fiery old gentleman, the hero of the piece, had lifted his "crabtree cane" to fell an offending valet—when lo! his arm dropped powerless—the dear old gentleman was sound asleep. A terrified glance at the stage told me they had all fallen victims to a desire for slumber.

I shouted murder!—fire!—in vain! they slept too soundly to be thus awakened. I rushed into the orchestra, with one hand held a trumpet to my lips, which I blew with the lungs of Stentor,—with the other, I thrashed madly on a kettle-drum, while with my foot I kicked the leader of the orchestra to awaken him. My plan succeeded. When fully awake, they rushed from the theatre *en masse*. They stove the outer doors; the door-keeper, having caught a few sentences of the play, and fallen asleep on hearing them, and avoided it as they would the plague.

The next day I asked our black fellow, Cuffee, if he should like to go to the play at night?

With a desperate gasp the poor fellow replied,—"not if dey're guang to act your play, sir." I kicked him down the staircase.

Thinking that if my comedy were generally read, it would give general satisfaction, I endeavored to have it printed; but so soporific were its powers, that the compositors slept upon their task, and we were obliged to have foreigners who did'nt understand the language, to set up types for it, and do the other business of printing.

The fellows were very impudent at my expense, and I heard, that a physician on hearing a patient complain that he could get no sleep of nights, recommended a perusal of "The Sleeping Partner,"—and it was consequently reported that such a prescription never failed of producing the desired effect.

F. A. D.

A Good Toast.—On the examination of a man named Howel, suspected of setting fire to a barn, before a bench of Magistrates, at Lewes in sussex, England, his wife was asked if her husband had not drunk a very inflammatory toast at a public house, which she admitted, and at the request of the Magistrates repeated the toast. It was as follows:—

Ye gods above, send down your love,
With swords as sharp as sickles,
To cut the throats of gentlefolks,
Who rob the poor of victuals.

The Philosophy of Sleep. One would suppose that sleep had more to do with *conscience* than philosophy. A sound sleeper must either be a very honest man or a hardened villain. Mr. Macnish, a physician of Glasgow, has lately published a work wherein he investigates the philosophy of sleep. His work is divided into thirteen chapters—the introduction—the sensorical power—sleep in general, which is we suppose the absence of watchfulness—the use of sleep, which is probably to refresh the weary and to allow silent people to exercise some of their organs by snoring—the sleep of Plants, which must be very stupid business—Dreaming—Management of Dreaming—Prophetic Powers of Dreaming—Night Mare—Day Mare—sleep walking—sleep talking—sleeplessness—sleep from cold—walking dreams—Reverie—Abstraction—Drowsiness—Protracted sleep—Trance—Death—sleep of the soul—General management of sleep. The foreign Journals say that the author is quite animated on this sleepy subject.

A French provincial journal describes a person suspected of having committed a robbery as follows:—"N——, between 20 and 30 years of age, no color in his face, and short for his height."—*Petit pour sa taille.*

It is said that Miss Fitzclarence is about to bestow her hand, with His Majesty's perfect approbation, on Viscount Falkland, who is said to be an accomplished young nobleman. His Lordship's father was killed in a duel with Mr. Powell, in 1809.

Classification.—A paper, noticing a recent market in Glasgow, makes the following elegant classification:—"Young girls, for household work, got 35s. to £2 10s. There were a good number of pigs in the market."

Assuming the Petticoats. The editorial corps are Giving it' to poor *J. J. Clason*, "hip and thigh, "for winning a prize from the Portland Theatre, by transposing his surname and adding thereto a female given name—making it *Miss Angelina Augusta Lascon*—to which name the premium was awarded. But he doubtless thought he had a good right to make reprisals on the ladies, who, step out of their sphere, and so took to "wearing the petticoats. *N. Y. Constellation.*

A short-horned Bull.—Yesterday, says the Crabant Courier, "yesterday *will* add a bright page to history." The reader has seen Joe Miller's dialogue between a German Jew and a Dutch one:

German.—"Doesh it rain thomorragh?"
Dutch—"Ish it vash?"

Killing a Fox Skin. The great importance which some people attach to little things, is often times very laughable, and reminds us of an anecdote, which we will presently relate. A farmer in Pepperell, Ms. had caught a fox, taken off the skin, and stuffed it, and hung it up to dry.—All this happened without the knowledge of little Si, a four year old yonker, who was at school. Having returned and swallowed his supper, he clambered up garret to bed, as usual without a candle. But the moon shone directly and "with disastrous light," on the stuffed skin of Reynard—which had no sooner caught the eye of the boy, who was looking carefully about for boogaboos, than taking it for one of the most formidable kind, he came head foremost to the bottom of the stairs, crying and bellowing as if twenty foxes not skins were close at his heels.

"What's the matter Si?" said the farmer.

"Hegh! hegh! hegh!" said Si, trying as well as he could to stop crying—"hegh! hegh! I-I seed sumfin up stairs."

"You seed sumfin! well, what was it?"

"Hegh! hegh! hegh! I don't know—'twas sumfin hang'd up there by the winder—with great bushy tail."

"Why you blockhead, it was nothing but a fox skin."

"At hearing this, little Si began to recover his courage, and drying his eyes and stifling his remaining sobs, he exclaimed manfully, "Daddy, daddy, if I only had a *shoot*, I'd kill the fox skin."—*N. Y. Con.*

Bowery. We understand the Bowery Theatre has had a strong accession of female talent, in the person of the Princess of Siam, who has lately arrived in the Ontario packet from London, where her Elephantship drew the warmest applause from royalty, nobility and citizens generally. *N. Y. Constellation.*

Inebriating Soups. There cannot be a great dinner in Russia without *sterlet*[small sturgeon.] In summer, when brought alive from Archangel, &c. these cost from five hundred to one thousand rubles each; a fish soup, made with champaigne and other expensive wines, has been known to cost three thousand rubles; no water is allowed to enter into the composition of these expensive soups; and the whole company get very merry and talkative after partaking of them, though the landlord always affirmed that there was only half a bottle of wine in the tureen.

Lady Morgan says, "one of the things worth a visit to Paris, is the exquisite confectionary, so light and so perfumed, that it resembles *congealed odours, or a crystallisation of the essence of sweet flowers.*"

LETTERS FROM WASHINGTON.

Washington, Jan. 2, 1831.

The compliments of the season to you and all inquiring friends. *Vive la bagatelle!* The whole fashionable world was yesterday on the *qui vive*, to pay their respects to the Chief Magistrate, at the white house, and wandered up and down in the ever memorable East Room. What lots of pretty little feet and well-turned ankles! Besides a few elegant flowers from "the land of steady habits," and this gay metropolis, there was a sweet-smiling blue bell from the banks of the Delaware, that made some hearts beat. The old Hero took them all tenderly by the hand as they courtesied and made their speeches, seeming like a doating father in conference with his daughters.

I am afraid that Tench Ringgold has afforded another text for the *National Journal* to preach from. Last New Year's day, (I mean 1830,) the doors were set wide open, and of course every biped, of whatever character or color, entered. In the crowd came a corps of vagabond boys, (said to have been hired for the purpose by the *cidevant* coalition,) who made it their business to trip up the heels of the servants bearing trays of cake and wine. This, no doubt, was quite diverting to the *reformed* gentry who lurked in the throng. It was excellent vengeance; and it gave the scribblers of the fallen dynasty an excellent occasion to descant upon the manners and habits of "the Jacksonites." Now, however, Tench determined to turn over a new leaf. He admitted none of the rascally crew—and we had no stealing, guzzling, tripping, and breaking of glasses. All went off well. But mark my words,—the meek Mr. Gales, and his more romantic coadjutor of the *Journal*, will certainly read you a homily on "the declaration of martial law at the palace," on the tyranny of barring the people out of their own houses, and on "the ferocious temper of Gen. Jackson." Well, well, poor fellows—it would be hard to rob them of a little bone to gnaw upon now and then. You can say in mitigation, if you will, that Tench's *gens d'armes* had no guns nor bayonets, and behaved very civil.

Among the eminent characters in the East Room, I noticed the British Minister, Mr. VAUGHAN, the accomplished Baron STACKELBERG, and the Chevalier HUYGENS. Considering how the kingdom of the Netherlands is at present heaving and pitching in a sea of trouble, the Chevalier was extremely gay and happy. He had on his diplomatic laced cloak, and promenaded with as much unconcern, as though Belgium were still an integral part of his master's dominion, and Antwerp had not fallen into the hands of Republicans. He spends the winter with his family in Baltimore, and thus we, including Mr. Storrs and other *bon vivants* of the opposition, miss the charming evening parties which he gave us last session.

In Congress, nothing new has transpired with the exception of a discussion upon Mr. Monroe's bill. It is difficult to predict its fate. Most of the Virginians are determined to vote in the negative, and I apprehend it will go hard. His friends do their best. I heard last evening, that the trial of Judge Peck would probably be again postponed on Monday, on account of the anticipated absence of Mr. Wirt. He was called home suddenly last Wednesday to see his daughter, aged sixteen or seventeen, then very ill, and the news came yesterday that she had expired. This is a severe domestic affliction.

The Vice President has arrived, and taken a suit of apartments at Gadsby's.

WASHINGTON, Jan, 4, 1831.

Nothing of material import has transpired in Congress since my last. Mr. Monroe's bill reposes in a state of uncertainty, and will probably be called up again on Friday. The resolution adopted several days ago, to go in a committee of the whole at 12 o'clock and attended the trial of Judge Peck, was this morning rescinded; so that, until further order, the high court of impeachment will be deprived of the company of the Hon. House.

Among the distinguished visitors now here, almost every body notices and salutes the venerable editor, Col. William Duane. He is quite cheerful, and apparently in the enjoyment of good health.

The noisy jackdaws of the "table orator," are starving to excite alarm and dismay, about the refusal of Georgia to obey the mandate of Judge Marshal. They talk in a strain of affected wonder—open their eyes wide—and put on faces a yard long. The misfortune is that men of some turn from them with laughter and contempt. Who ever dreamt of dragging one of the old Thirteen States with a bit of parchment into a dark nook of the capitol, there to abide, at the risk of its sovereignty, the fiat of a few frail mortals? Why, Georgia was a free and independent State prior to the organization of the supreme court, and, in fact, one of the creators of that court. Shall the creature, then, presume to question the creator, touching the exercises of an inherent right? Georgia knows what she is about, and the chattering of these daws will scarce attract her notice. 'Tis all of a piece with that wretched farce called "The American System," and will, as usual, end in smoke.—*N. Y. Courier.*

Reported death of Bolivar. The Mercurio, of Saturday contains the following extract of a letter from Carthagena, dated the 15th December, which the Editors say is from a person of the highest credibility.

"I lament to state that an express has just arrived, which left Santa Martha on the 10th inst. at 8 o'clock in the evening, with the sad intelligence that the Liberator was dying at the country-seat called San Pedro, having already received the sacraments from the hand of the illustrious Bishop of the Diocese. The people are not yet apprised of this melancholy news."

Such is the statement in the letter. While we hope it may prove unfounded, we cannot but fear it is true. For some weeks previous, the health of Bolivar is known to have been extremely feeble,—so much so as to fill the minds of his friends with the most painful apprehensions. His disorder is said to be the consumption.

N. Y. Journal of Commerce.

TREMONT THEATRE.

Mr. & Mrs. J. Barnes,
Seventh Apearance

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE AUTHOR.

THIS EVENING, JAN. 14,
Will be presented for the third time, a Tragic Play, in 5 acts, from the pen of Mr. Stone, author of "Metamora," called

TANCRED KING OF SICILY!
Or—*The Archives of Palermo.*

Angelo	Mr. Pearson.
Romano	Mr. Scott.
Olympia	Mrs. J. Barnes.

To conclude with the Laughable Farce, called the
ILLUSTRIOUS STRANGR.

Bowbell	Mr. J. Barnes.
Aboulifar	Mr. Johnson.
Arsa	Mr. Howard.
Gimbo	Mr. Andrews
Fatima	Mrs. Smith.
Irza	Miss Eberle.

THEATRE.
Last Night of Tancred King of Sicily.
AUTHOR'S BENEFIT.

MR. STONE has the honor to inform the public that his Benefit is appointed for
THIS EVENING, JAN. 14,
On which occasion will be acted, TANCRED KING OF SICILY, or, *The Archives of Palermo*, with a variety of other entertainments.
Mr. BARNES will appear in a Comic Afterpiece, and sustain an original and popular character.
Mr. S. solicits patronage.

A CARD. Mrs. J. BARNES begs leave respectfully to announce to her friends and the public, that her benefit will take place on Monday next, Jan. 17th, when will be presented the favorite comedy of "*Wives as they were, and maids as they are.*"
Lord Priory . . . . Mr. J. Barnes.
Miss Dorrilon . . . . Mrs. J. Barnes.
After which, never performed here, an affecting Melo Drama, called the "*Sister of Charity*," (performed upwards of 50 nights in London.)
St. Ursula, (the sister of Charity) Mrs. J. Barnes.
To conclude with the comic piece, performed in London and New York, with great success, called the "*First of April or Mistakes at Dover.*"
Roughhead. Mr. J. Barnes.

GRAND CONCERT OF VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC. Mr. E. R. HANSEN most respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he intends giving a GRAND CONCERT OF VOCAL and INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC TOMORROW EVENING, 15th inst. at BOYLSTON HALL, the use of which has been kindly granted for the occasion by the government of the Handel and Haydn Society.
The entire unanimity and readiness with which the Professors and Amateurs have volunteered their services, and the politeness of Mr. Russell, manager of the Tremont Theatre, will enable Mr. H. to collect an uncommonly large and effective orchestra, and to prepare for the lovers of music, such a variety, and novelty, as may be found worthy of their attention.
Vocal Performers—Mrs. Papanti, Mr. Comer, and several German gentlemen.
Solo performers—Messrs. Hansen, Zeuner, Kendall and Geer.
Leader of the Orchestra, Mr. Comer.
Violins—Messrs. Warren, Worsley, Granger, Geimer, A. White, L. White, and Hansen.
Tenors—Messrs. Clark and Mallet.
Double Basses and Violincello—Messrs. Granger, Geer and Vivild.
Flutes—Messrs. Pollock and Fray.
Clarionetts—Messrs. Kendall, Myers, and Mann.
Bassoons—Messrs. Pearce and Clark.
French Horns—Messrs. Papanti, Eberle, Knauble and Reed.
Trumpets—Messrs. Bartlett and Kyburn.
Trombone—Mr. Niebuhr.
Kettle Drums—Mr. Mann.
Cymbals—Mr. Raymond.

PART I.
1.—Grand Overture for full Orchestra, composed for the occasion, and most respectfully dedicated to the Amateurs of Boston, by E. R. Hansen.
2.—"Sigh not for Summer Flowers,"—Mrs. Papanti. Bishop.
3.—Flute Fantasy—"Voila le plaisir mes Dames, voila le plaisir,"—Mr. Hansen. Tulou.
5.—Piano Forte Solo—Mr. Ch. Zeuner.
6.—Duetto, from 'Don Giovanni,—Mrs. Papanti and Mr. Comer, by Mozart.
7.—Andante and Pollacca for the Violin, with Orchestral Accompaniments, composed and performed by Mr. Hansen.
3.—Song—"Johnny came a courting me,"—Mrs. Papanti. Purke.
9.—Clarinetto Solo—Mr. Kendall. Baermann.
10.—Duetto for the Double Base and Violin—Messrs. Geer and Hansen.

PART II.
1.—Grand Overture to Massaniello. Auber.
2.—Tenor Fantasy, on "Hope told a flattering tale," with imitations of Harmonic sounds, &c. without accompaniment—composed and performed by Mr. Hansen.
3.—A German National Song, in chorus, by several German gentlemen.
4.—Grand Septette Concertante for Flute, 2 Clarinets, 2 Horns, Bassoon and Violoncello—Messrs. Hansen, Kendall, Mann, Papanti, Knauble, Pearce and Geer.—One of the most celebrated compositions of Rossini.
5.—A German National Song, in chorus, by several German gentlemen.
6.—A Russian Air, with Grand Variations for the Flute, composed and performed by Mr. Hansen.
7.—Benedetta sia la Madre, with the first Variation, by Sola, the second variation with Clarinetto Obligato and the Orchestral Accompaniments by E. R. Hansen—Mrs. Papanti.
8.—'The Surprise,' Andante Simphonia, by Haydn.
9.—Duetto, Master and Scholar.—Mrs. Papanti and Mr. Comer, by Fioravanti.
10.—Air and variations for the Violin, containing a number of the most difficult and novel Bowings—also, imitation of the celebrated Paganini col arco and Pizzicato, with introduction of "the Yellow Haired Laddie," composed and performed by E. R. Hansen.
Tickets may be had, at 50 cents each, at Richardson, Lord & Holbrook, John H. Belcher, Faneuil Hall; Dickson's, Ashton's, Parker's, Prentis', and Glover's Music Stores.
Performances to commence at 7 o'clock, and no postponement on account of weather. Jan. 14.

JUST PUBLISHED, The Gleaner, or Selections, in prose and poetry, from the periodical Press—For sale at 38, Congress, corner of Lindall street—Price 50 cents. The usual discount made to wholesale dealers. Jan. 9

DISTRICT OF MASSACHUSETTS—to wit.—District Clerk's Office. BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the twenty-fifth day of December, A. D. 1830, in the fifty-fifth year of the Independence of the United States of America, N. S. Simpkins & Co. of the said district, have deposited in this Office the title of a book, the right whereof they claim as proprietors in the words following, *to wit:*
"Juvenile Reading Lessons; or Pieces in Prose, designed as a reading book, for the younger classes, in common and other schools."
In conformity to the act of the Congress of the United States, entitled "An Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts and Books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the time therein mentioned:" and also to an act entitled, "An act supplementary to an act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts and Books to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned; and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints."
JNO. W. DAVIS,
Clerk of the District of Massachusetts.
Jan. 14

ENGLISH BOOKS. Dr. Hawkin's Commentary on on the Old and New Testament, with the sacred text at large. 8 vols.
Sermons of the Rev. John Fortin, D. D. abridged by the Rev. G Whitaker, M. A. 3 vols.
Sermons by Philip Doddridge, D. D. 4 vols.
The works of Bishop Sherlock, with some account of his life, summary of each discourse, notes, &c. by the Rev. T. S. Hughes, B. D. 4 vols.
Scripture characters; or a practical improvement of the principal histories in the Old and New Testament. By Thomas Robinson, M. A.
Works of Isaac Ambrose, with a short memoir of the author.
Carpenter's popular introduction to the Scriptures.
Carpenter's Scripture Natural History, illustrated by engravings.
Carpenter's popular Lectures on Biblical criticism and interpretation,
Carpenter's examination of Scripture difficulties.
Sermons by Robert Leighton, D. D.
Leighton's Theological and Expository Lectures, Just received by MUNROE & FRANCIS.
Jan 14.

PARTRIDGE'S LEATHER PRESERVATIVE or OIL BLACKING, for cleaning and preserving harnesses, chaise-tops, [illegible], boots, shoes, engine-hose, forge-bellows, [illegible], factory bands, and all leather exposed to the action of heat, cold or wet, rendering it impenetrable by the wet.
This composition is highly recommended by all who make use of it, and is pronounced to be "a very valuable and useful discovery." It closes the pores of the leather, restores its colour, adds strength and durability, wholly supercedes the use of oil, and is much more convenient and economical. By many it is said that "leather will last nearly twice as long, by using this article, as it will without."
Neatly put up in tin canisters, with printed directions for its use, and packed in boxes of one dozen each.
☞ Orders promptly executed.
Sold by LEMUEL BLAKE. No. 84, State-street, Boston, and may be had of the hardware-dealers, shoe-dealers, and generally at the country stores. Jan. 14

POLAR SEAS AND REGIONS. Narrative of Discovery and Adventure in the Polar Seas and Regions: with illustrations of their Climate, Geology and Natural History, and an account of the Whale Fishery. By Professor Leslie, Professor Jameson, and Hugh Murray, Esq. F.R.S.E. in 1 volume, being No. 14 of the Family Library—Just published and for sale by C. & C. WILLIAMS, 18 and 20 Cornhill. Jan. 14

FAMILY LIBRARY, now number 14. Narrative of Discovery and Adventure in the Polar Seas, and Regions, with illustrations of their Climate, Geology, and Natural History, and an account of the Whale Fishery. By Professor Leslie, Professor Jameson, and Hugh Murray, Esq. F.R.S.E. being No. 14 Family Library. This day received by RICHARDSON, LORD & HOLBROOK. Jan. 14

CRITICISM. An Abridgment of Elements of Criticism, by the Hon. Henry Home, of Kames, edited by John Frost, A. M. this day received and for sale by RICHARDSON, LORD & HOLBROOK. Jan 14.

JUST PUBLISHED, by GRAY & BOWEN, The North American Review, No. 70 for January, 1831.

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III. Anatomy—Address to the Community on the Necessity of legalizing the Study of Anatomy. By order of the Massachusetts Medical Society.

IV. Clarence—A Tale of our own Times. By the Author of Redwood.

V. Hieroglyphics—Essay on the Hieroglyphic System of M. Champollion, Jr. and on the advantages which it offers to Sacred Criticism. By J. G. H. Greppo, Vicar General of Belley. Translated from the French, by Isaac Stuart, with Notes and Illustrations.

VI. American System—1. Report from the Committee on Commerce to whom was referred so much of the President's Message, as relates to the Commerce of the United States with Foreign Nations, &c. 2. A Review of Mr. Cambreleng's Report from the Committee of Commerce. By [illegible]. 3. Exposition and Protest reported by the Special Committee of the House of Representatives on the Tariff. 4. Mr. McDuffie's Speech in the House of Representatives on the Bill reported by the Committee on Manufactures for the more faithful Collection of the Revenue.

VII. Grahame's History of the United States—The History of the Rise and Progress of the United States of N. America till the British Revolution in 1688. By James Grahame, Esq.

VIII. Memoirs of Madame De Genlis—Memoires Inedits de Madame la Comtesse de Genlis sur le dixhuitieme siecle et a Revolution Francoise, depuis 1756, jusqu'a nos jours.

IX. Phillips' Manual of Political Economy, with particular reference to the Institutions, Resources and Condition of the United States. By Willard Phillips.

X. History of the Jews—History of the Jews, from the Earliest Period to the Present Time. By Rev. H. H. Milman.

JUST PUBLISHED, the PROPORTIONAL TABLE being a single sheet of arithmatical matter calculated for primary schools. Invented by the author of the American Linguist. RICHARDSON. LORD and HOLBROOK, 133 Wasington Street.

REGISTER 1831, The MASSCHUSETTS REGISTER, & U. S. CALENDOR for 1831 containing the usual quantity of matter this day published and for sale by RICHARDSON. LORD & HOLBROOK.

WHITMAN'S LETTERS, This day published by GRAY & BOWEN, 141 Washington St. Two Letters to the REV. MOSES STEWART on RELIGIOUS LIBERTY occasioned by his letter to the REV W. E. CHANNING. BY BERNARD WHITMAN.

KATER & LARDNERS MECHANICKS, A Treatise on Mechanicks, by Capt Henry Kater & Rev. Dionysius Lardner, Just Recieved and for Sale by RICHARDSON LORD & HOLBROOK.

NEW YEAR'S PRESENTS.

BOSTON CARVED SHELL COMBS—INDIA CARVED SHELL COMBS.

E. V. ASHTON, 130, Washington-street, has just received a further supply of 100 rich Boston Carved Shell Combs, from 5 to $16 each, made by Swift, whose taste and skill in carving surpass all competition.

Also, 300 India Carved Shell Combs, from 2 to $10 each; 40 carved top round Shell Combs, for children and misses; 30 splendid Crescent Shell Combs; 300 large size plain Top Tucking Shell Combs, from 9s. to $6 each; 600 wrought top side and neck Shell Combs, from 3s. to 12s. each.

☞ The above is the greatest variety of Shell Combs to be found in any store in this city; all which are offered at a considerable reduction from the usual prices.

A SPLENDID assortment of Bronzed Card Racks, Cologne Stands, Urn Ink Stands, Candle Shades, Watch Stands, Pin Cushions, ladies' Writing Desks and Dressing Cases, patent Writing Stands—just opened, and very suitable for Presents.

Also the Polite Tourist, exhibiting the city of Paris, History of England from William 1st to George 4th, The Seven Ages of Human Life. The Panorama of Europe, Tour through Europe, Tour through England and Wales, Parlour Travellers through Europe, Wonders of Nature in each quarter of the World, Tour through the United Kingdom of England, Scotland and Ireland, A Voyage round the World, British Sovereigns, Tour through Asia, Wonders of Art, Bell and Hammer, Tournament, Loto.

DISSECTED PICTURE PUZZLES.—The Three Rabbits, [illegible] The Monk; The Beggar's Petition; My Sister; King Edward VI.; The Father's Blunder; History of Lady Jane Grey; Multiplication Table; Children in the Wood; The Magpie; The Bird's Nest; Cockney Sportsman; The Gig Demolished; Robinson Crusoe; Barnaby and his Boat, &c. &c.

The following articles, which are very pretty for New Years Presents, viz:—Morocco Work Boxes, 1 1-4 to $12 each; ladies' [illegible] dressing cases; [illegible] hair brushes and [illegible] gold beaded purses; [illegible] Tunbridge work [illegible] and a great variety of dissected maps and pictures; elegant sets dominoes [illegible] wooden reels; steel [illegible] cases; [illegible] pocket books; paris [illegible] new pattern card cases; needle books and wallets; thread cases; ivory tablets; whist markers; cribbage boxes; gilt screen handles; skipping ropes; new games of bell and hammer, and the tournament; silver [illegible] pencils; Rodgers's penknives and scissors, [illegible] pin cushions with measures [illegible] dumb bells; paint boxes, various sizes; spelling alphabets; solitaire boards; [illegible] dressing cases; [illegible] port folios; morocco drawing cases; a great variety of colored Paris prints, caricatures and [illegible] patterns; and numerous other fancy articles, which are pleasing to the eye and gratifying to the taste.

☞ All which will be offered at less prices than heretofore sold at, by the quantity or retail, at 130 Washington street, THE OLD STAND. is dec 24

MR. & MRS. BONFILS' INSTITUTION, FOR THE Education of Young Ladies, Mount Vernon, Boston.

THE course of studies of this institution recommenced on the first Monday in September inst. The English department embraces four regular Classes. The course of instruction is graduated and analogous to that of Colleges for the other sex; but adapted to the peculiar duties of the female and to the station in which she is destined to move. The department of Languages includes the French, the Italian, the Spanish and the Latin.

And as it is one of the chief objects of the school to initiate the pupils into the beauties and excellencies of the French and Italian Languages, whilst acquiring a finished English education, a course of lectures on French and Italian Literature and the Classics, will be delivered at least once a week, without any additional charge, and without interfering with the daily course of instructions. It may be proper to observe, that the French as well as the Classics, are taught daily and in separate classes. The mode of teaching is founded on reasonable principles.

Mr. & Mrs. B. have the advantage of twelve years experience, and of an acquaintance with the most approved methods of education in Europe and America. They beg to assure those who may think proper to honor them with their patronage, that they shall always keep two distinct objects in view, viz. to develope and improve the intellectual faculties of their pupils, and qualify them to act their part, in all the relations of life, like intelligent and accountable beings.

N. B. Prospectus, terms of tuition, board, &c. &c. may be had by applying to Mr. & Mrs. B. at their residence on Mount Vernon. 3m sept 25

BOSTON MECHANICS' INSTITUTION. The Managers of the Boston Mechanics' Institution give notice, that the 5th course of Lecture of the Institution, will commence at the Lecture Room of the Athenaeum, on Wednesday Evening Nov. 17th, at 7 o'clock. The Lectures will be delivered by,

FRANKLIN DEXTER, Esq. (an introductory lecture.)
Professor FARRAR,
Hon. WILLIAM SULLIVAN,
DANIEL TREADWELL,
Dr. J. C. WARREN,
Dr. J. W. WEBSTER.

The Recording Secretary will attend at the Bookstore of Messrs. Carter & Barnard, corner of Washington and Franklin streets, every Monday afternoon, from 3 to 5 o'clock, for the purpose of furnishing members of the Institution with tickets, and to receive the annual assessment of two dollars, which became due on the 1st inst. The same officer will likewise furnish tickets to minors, of good character, and over fourteen years of age, at one dollar each.

To insure silence and quiet to the audience, the managers have ordered that, during the lecture, no person be admitted to the hall after the lecture has commenced.

Persons desirous of becoming members of the Institution, are requested to send their names to either of the following members of the Institution: Daniel Treadwell, David Moody, Charles Wells, Alexander Parris, F. C. Whiston, John Ware, Stephen Fairbanks, Ebenezer Bailey, Abraham Cary, Timothy Claxton, John Cotton, George Darracott, Phineas Dow, George B. Emerson, Isaac Harris, William Hayden, jr. Frederick Lane, Benjamin Loring, James McAllister, C. C. Nichols, John Pierpont, John Rogers, J. Gorham Rogers.

By order of the Managers,
DANIEL TREADWELL.
Boston Oct. 19, 1830. President of the Institution.

JOHN ASHTON has for sale at 197 Washington Street, a large and extensive assortment of articles in his line, among which are the following, at the lowest cash prices.

Bugle Harmonicas and Æliens Wooden and Brass, Base Horns, Bass, Tenor and Alto, Trombones, French Horns, with four, six and nine crooks. Serpents with and without Keys, Bassoons with from 6 to 12 Keys, Kent Bugles with 6, 7, 8 or 9 Keys, Clarinets with 5, 6, 8, 10, to 13 Keys, Flutes with 1 to 8 Keys, Violins from $1 to $25, Bass Viol from $6 to $30, Double Basses from $35 to $100.—Spanish and English Guitars, in cases—Trumpets, with 8 crooks—Base and Tenor Drums—Ebony and Boxwood Fifes—Instruction books for all instruments.

Violin, Bass Viol, and Double Base; strings of the very best quality—*received every three months fresh from the manufacturers.*—Also a great assortment of sheet music, consisting of Songs, Waltzs, Marches, Rondos Dances, overtures, Battles, Duetts, pieces with variations, &c. &c. OLikewise, Silk Gingham, and Oiled Cloth Umbrellas, by the case, dozen, or single.

Walking Canes with or without swords, a great variety Ebony and Boxwood by the ton. 1000 lbs. Ivory, assorted sizes. 10,000 lbs. Rattans. 7000 lbs. Whalebone 500 Whip Tops. 500 Gro. Bonnet Cane. Whalebone for Stays, Billiard Balls, Ivory Rings; Oiled Silk and Linnen Medicated Silk for Rheumatic complaints. Musical Instruments and Umbrellas repaired at short notice.

dec. 3. 3m.

HANDSOME FACE. Mrs. VINCENT'S Genuine GOWLAND'S LOTION, is the most pleasant and effectual Remedy for all Complaints to which the Face and Skin are liable, by removing every kind of coarseness, eruption, and unpleasant appearance, and rendering the skin clear, smooth, and transparent.

This elegant, safe, and mild preparation, for the cure of all cutaneous disorders, for the removal of all eruptions from the face and skin, and for improving the most delicate complexion, stands for its discovery without its equal in the annals of medicine;—its success has been found adequate to its merits;—the reception which it has met with in the fashionable world, the many thousands of rank and distinction who have adopted, continued, and recommended its use, could not but prove an inticement to contemporary jealousy. Like other inventions of merit and importance in the medical world, it has been assailed by weak but mischievous imitation. To prevent being so imposed upon, observe the name M. E. Vincent on the label.

The most tender lady or child may at all times make use of this Lotion with the greatest safety, and a few weeks application will restore even the most inflamed face to a cool and clear transparent white and red.—A more innocent and salutary remedy is not to be found in all nature. It stands unrivalled for clearing the face and skin from eruptions, freckles, extraordinary redness, effects of surfeits, heats, and tumors, scorbatic impurities, and dryness of the skin, all blotches and pimples, from whatever cause arising, hard lumps or knobs in the skin, the greasy or oily appearance, livid and sickly paleness, thickness and opacity, and for clearing and improving the complexion.

Contrast the ruddy vigour of health, animating the vivid tints of beauty, with the languor of apparent sickness; let us consider what are the advantages of one above the other, even in the common and ordinary concerns of life, which indeed have eventually decided the future fortune of thousands, by a pleasing appearance at first sight, which are to be obtained by the use of this Lotion, prepared by Mrs. Vincent, sole proprietor of Dr. Gowland's MS. Recipe; and every bottle of the genuine is signed M. E. Vincent.

By the Dover a fresh supply just received and for sale by E. V. ASHTON, 130 Washington Street.

Dec. 10.

THE SEPARATION, A Novel By the authoress of "Flirtation"—Just recieved and for sale by RICHARDSON LORD & HOLBROOK.

CARY & LEA have in press, 1. *The Young Ladies' Book*, a Manual of Instructive Exercises, Recreations and Pursuits; with numerous plates.

This is a work recently published by Messrs. Vizetelly, Branston & Co. London, with upwards of Seven Hundred Embellishments, engraved in a superior style on wood.—The volume is a duodecimo of more than 500 pages, and sells in England for one guinea. It is intended to make the American edition a perfect fac-simile, of as nearly so as practicable in this country, and to afford it at four dollars, neatly bound in silk, and elegantly gilt. This work cannot be classed as an Annual, but may be said to be a *Perennial*, a suitable memorial for all times and seasons. It differs essentially from the whole class of literary gifts usually presented to Young Ladies, being a complete manual for all those elegant pursuits which grace the person and adorn the mind. The London publishers state that the various subjects of which the volume is composed, have been confided to proficients in their several departments, and the engravings have been executed in the best style of the English artists.

II. *Chemistry applied to the Arts*, on the basis of Gray's Operative Chemist. In 8vo, with numerous plates. Just ready.

III. *The Principles and Practice of Medicine*, by Samuel Jackson, M. D.

IV. Examination of Medical Doctrines, and Systems of Nosology, preceded by Propositions containing the Substance of Physiological Medicine. By F. J. V. Broussais, Officer of the Royal Order of the Legion of Honor, Chief Physician and First Professor in the Military Hospital for Instruction at Paris, &c. &c. &c. Third edition. Translated from the French, by Isaac Hays, M. D. and R. E. Griffith, M. D.

V. Beclard's General Anatomy, in 1 vol. 8vo.

VI. Farraday's Chemical Manipulation, first American from the second London Edition.

VII. Thompson on Inflammation, second American, from the second London edition.

VIII. Williams on Disease of the Lungs.

CREAM OF COCOA

FOR removing Pimples, Freckles, Tan, Redness, Blotches, and all cutaneous eruptions of the skin. This admirable Cosmetic has received universal approbation by all who have used it. The excellent qualities it possesses is in entirely eradicating from the skin, humors of every kind, from whatsoever cause originating, and gradually producing a soft, clear, and delicate complexion, and by its use it imparts to the Neck, Face and arms, a beautiful and healthy bloom, preserves the most delicate texture, and renders rough and harsh skin beautifully smooth and even and by due perseverance in the application of the Cream of Cocoa, a delicate complexion is produced, As this cosmetic is innoxious, it may be used with perfect safety by the most delicate Lady or Child. To gentlemen whose faces are tender after shaving the Cream of Cocoa will be found excellent in ameliorating those unpleasant sensations which are often produced. It is highly recommended for Scrofula and Salt Rheum.

For sale by HENRY WHITE, corner of Court and Tremont streets.

SUPER FRENCH BOMBAZINE STOCKS! A COMBINATION of two essentials, BEAUTY and ECONOMY. A few of those serviceable article, wadded for winter and manufactured in part of Bristles, which renders them much softer and less liable to chafe out than hair cloth, for sale at MOSES KIMBALL's, 12, Washington street. oct 23

HISTORY OF THE BIBLE, Being No. 13 of Harper's Family Library. By Rev. G. Gleig, for sale by MUNROE & FRANCIS.

DISTRICT OF MASSACHUSETTS—*to wit.—District Clerk's Office.* BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the first day of December, A. D. 1830, in the fifty-fifth year of the Independence of the United States of America, C. B. Wells of the said district, has deposited in this office the title of a print, the right whereof he claims as proprietor in the words following, *to wit*:—

Oriental Florentine IMPRINTS.

In conformity to the act of Congress of the United States, entitled "An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned"; and also to an act, entitled, "An act supplementary to an act, entitled, 'An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned,' and extending the benefits therto of the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints."

JOHN W. DAVIS,
dec 31 4t *Clerk of the District of Massachusetts.*

JUST RECEIVED, and for sale by R. P. & C. WILLIAMS, 18 & 20, Cornhill.
The DYSPEPTIC'S MONITOR, second edition.
The SANFORDS, or Home Scenes.
OUR VILLAGE; sketches of rural character and scenery, by Mary Russell Mitford, fourth series.
GRACE SEYMOUR
ROBINSON CRUSOE; a new edition on fine paper, embellished with coloured engravings. dec 10

WASH LEATHER SOCKS. A sure cure for chilblains, and prevent Rheumatism, Colds, and Coughs, besides keep the feet dry and warm. For sale at No. 20 Tremont street. J. G. SHUTE. oct 16

FOOD FOR FUN!
OR,
THE HUMORIST'S ALMANAC,
For 1831.

With twelve entire new Yankee Stories, written expressly for this Publication.

And Fourteen Wood Cuts, from ORIGINAL DESIGNS, by ☞ JOHNSTON. ☜

The above is just published, and for sale at 36 Congress, Corner of Lindall street, also at most of the Bookstores in this city.—In consequence of having made an addition of three sheets, more than at first intended, the price is as follows.

18 3-4 cts. single, $1,50 per doz. $10 per grosс.
istf dec 31.

CHRISTMAS & NEW YEAR'S PRESENTS

MUNROE & FRANCIS, No. 128, Washington-street, have just published, or received from England, &c. a large assortment of Presents for the Season, consisting of all the elegant Annuals, with other new Works, Games, Dissections, Tetotums, Dissected Maps, Puzzles, &c.

Among other publications, M. & F. have just printed the following new works for Children. viz. The Polite Present, or Manual of Good Manners, a neat Present for Boys. gilt edges.

The American Child's Own Book, with 522 engravings, a neat square volume, exclusively intended for the amusement and use of the younger classes.

The American Child's Own Book, in 4 Parts, fine paper and cuts, elegantly done up in fancy covers.

A new edition of the Boy's Own Book; a complete Encyclopedia of all the Diversions, athletic, scientific, and recreative, of boyhood and youth; such as Games with marbles, toys, balls; Sports of agility and speed; Sports with toys; miscellaneous Sports; Deaf and Dumb Alphabet; Archery; Cricket; Gymnastics; Swimming; Arithmetical Amusements; Optical Amusements; Chemical Amusements; Draughts and Checkers; Feats of Legerdemain; Paradoxes and Puzzles; Riddles, Charades Conundrums, Enigmas, Rebusses, Logogriphs, Anagrams; Angling; Rabbits; Guinea Pigs; and concluded with the rules and diagrams of the noble art of Fencing. Illustrated and embellished with 150 cuts.

Among the Annuals already received are the following English or American SOUVENIRS, viz.

The Gem, silk. Winter's Wreath, silk. Forget-Me Not, orna. case. The Keepsake, silk. The Landscape Annual, calf. The Literary Souvenir, silk. The Bijou, silk. The Amulet, silk. Friendship's Offering, ex. calf. The Iris, silk. Comic Annual, by Hood. Comic Offering, by Sheridan. Comic Annual, by Finn & Co. Musical Bijou. Musical Gem. Musical Souvenir. Lithographic Album. Atlantic Souvenir. The Token. Lady's Annual Remembrancer. The Memento, or Pocket Diary. The Humorist. The Pearl, for Youth. The Child's Own Book. (English.) The Christmas Box. The Remembrancer. Juvenile Forget-Me-Not. Ackerman's Do. New-Year's Gift. By Mrs. Hall. Zoological Keepsake. The Youth's Keepsake. Girl's Own Book, by Miss Leslie. With original designs by the author. (In the press.) The Young Lady's Book. The Girl's Own Book. By Mrs. Child.

New Editions. New editions of Æsop in Rhyme, by J. Taylor, Mrs. Hofland's Officer's Widow; Do Clergyman's Do. Do. Adelaide, the Intrepid Daughter; Do. Affectionate Brothers; Do. Young Pilgrim in the Holy Land; Do. Daughter of a Genius.

New and handsome editions of Sandford and Merton, in 2 vols. with plates; Fables for the Nursery, a most instructive and entertaining little work for young children, embellished with 28 wood cuts, and printed in a clear and neat style; Belzoni's Travels, with 24 copper plates; Familiar Tales for Children; A Nutshell of Knowledge; the Mine. by Rev. J. Taylor, with 16 copper engraving. Marmaduke Multiply; 4 parts. Original Poems for Infant Minds, by Jane Taylor. The Rosebud, or Cautionary Stories, by do. Intellectual Philosophy for youth, a new work; The Stories of Old Daniel; Northern Regions; late Voyages to the Po ar seas, with numerous engravings on copper; Roman Stories, with fine wood cuts; Scripture Stories, with copper engravings; The 3d edition of the Story-Teller; Bible Biography, with copper plate; Mamma's Stories; with copper engravings; Stories Worth Telling, with fine cuts.

COLUMBUS, or the Discovery of America; a very beautifully written life of that great Navigator, expressly for Children, and translated into English by Mrs. ELIZABETH HELME, author of many useful works for youth. With a lithographic frontispiece, representing the first landing of Columbus in America.

CORTEZ, or, the Conquest of Mexico, translated by Mrs. ELIZABETH HELME, with a beautiful lithographic frontispiece, done by Pendleton, representing Guatimozin offering his bosom to the poinard of Cortez.

PIZARRO; or, the Conquest of Peru, by the same writer and translator, with a fine lithographic frontispiece, representing Atahualpa and Pizarro.

The DIAMOND QUARTO'S, being Twelve new Three-Cent Books for Little Children, containing Felix the Wood Cutter; Benevolent old Man of the Rock; Short Songs for Little Children; The Merry Cries of London City; The Merry Mechanics; The Riddler; Tray and Muff; Barry, the Dog of Saint Bernard; The Kind Grandfather; The Juvenile Friends; The Passionate Boy, &c. &c.

The BOSTON PICTURE BOOKS, being Twelve new Two-Cent Books for Little Children, containing, Sir Arthur Alphabet; Man among the Letters; Nancy Nonpoint; Eight Stories for Isabel; William's Caravan Soldier turned Farmer; Emily's First Cyphering Book; Little Frank's Almanack; and Kings of England, &c.

Juvenile Classics in eighty-seven volumes.

M. & F. have now on hand, bound in one uniform manner, most of their juvenile works; each volume containing a numbered catalogue of the whole series for easy reference. These Books are bound in a plain and strong style, and designed for circulation among the pupils of Schools and Academies, or to be deposited in the Libraries of Lyceums, for the use of the younger classes of the community. Many Schools already own these books, purchased by the voluntary contribution of the trifling sum of twenty or twenty-five cents by each pupil, which gives him the right to read 87 volumes. The price of the whole series is only *Twenty-three Dollars.* Their contents, which are very various, embrace much of the writings of such female worthies on infantile education, as Edgeworth, Trimmer, Hamilton, Hofland, Mant, Helme, Hughs, Leslie, and others. Nearly 900 Engravings and Cuts ornament the Series; and the price being considerably less than half the usual retail of the same books separately, families in the country, Circulating Libraries, Schools, &c. will find them a good Winter's Present to youth.

At the above Bookstore, will be found every publication of the juvenile kind which has issued from the American press, and most of the best English editions.

All the Souvenirs, English and American, in elegant bindings, of the present year; and a great variety of English Souvenirs of the past years, at reduced prices.

A Catalogue of the principal Juvenile publications will be ready in a few days.

STEELE & COPPER FOR ENGRAVERS, LINCOLN & EDMANDS, No. 59 Washington street, Agents for Jacob Keim, Steele & Copper Manufacturer, Philadelphia, will furnish plates of any dimensions to order, and at short notice. The plates are of a very superior quality. Orders Solicited. dec 10

FROM one or two hundred casks of DAY and MARTIN'S Genuine Blacking, constantly for sale, variously assorted, from 9 to 26 doz. in a cask, by their Agent, J. A. DICKSON, at the Music Saloon, Nos. 34 and 36, Cornhill, formerly Market street. Price by the single cask, $1 32 per dozen small size, 2 84 middle do. and 4 25 large do.

A discount from these prices to those who purchase several casks.

N. B. It may be had by the single jug or dozen. on the floor of the same building. nov 28.

COOPER'S NEW NOVEL. The Water Witch, or Skimmer of the Seas. By the author of the Spy, Red Rover, &c. This day received, and for sale by *RICHARDSON, LORD & HOLBROOK.* dec 17

CRAVAT STIFFNERS in two parts a good article at MOSES KIMBALL'S, No. 12 Washington Street. dec. 12.

SOMETHING NEW! THE BUDGET OF FUN, a weekly paper, devoted exclusively to FUN, FASHION, FLASH, and all that's pleasant.—Each number embellished with from 10 to 12 exquisitely comical wood Cuts, from the best American designs, and the inimitable Cruikshank, and others of London, is published at $3 per year, payable in advance, by GEORGE SIEGFRIED, No. 511 1 2 Pearl Street, New York.—The attention of the public is solicited to the first paper in America devoted to Comics alone, that must make a grave man smile, and a merry one laugh outright.

☞ Any person who will procure 5 subscribers and reive the money, shall be entitled to a sixth copy. A liberal discount allowed to Agents.

Address, Post-paid, to GEORGE SIEGFRIED. No. 511 1-2 Pearl Street, New York. dec. 12.

A CARD, Mr. PAPANTI has the honour of informing the Ladies and Gentlemen of this city, that he will re-open his Private School, for the polite accomplishment of Dancing, on Wednesday the 8th of September, at his residence, No. 8, Montgomery Place.

He will also give lessons at private houses, the College &c.—School days, every Wednesday and Saturday. oct 30

SEWING SILK WEB. A small quantity of twisted SILK WEBBING, just received, and will be made to order at No. 20 Tremont st.
J. G. SHUTE.
oct 16

NEW ENGLAND SHERIFF. *The New England Sheriff*, or digest of the duties of civil officers; being a compendium of the Laws of Massachusetts, with reference to those of the neighboring States upon these subjects. With copious forms. By Isaac Goodwin, Counseller at Law. This day published by *RICHARDSON, LORD & HOLBROOK.*

CORNHILL COFFEE HOUSE. The subscriber most respectfull returns his thanks to his patrons for their numerous favers, and assures them that no exertion shall be wanting to merit their continued support of the above named establishment. Connected therewith, are several commodious rooms for clubs and dinner and supper parties; who will be constantly provided with the best of viands and liquors, and the most careful attendance. The proximity of this place to State street, will be found particularly convenient to men of business, especially those residing out of the city.

☞ On hand, a few jars of Preserved Ginger, first quality march 20 WM. FENNO.

REAL MADRASS HANDKERCHIFS.

MOSES KIMBALL, No. 12 Washington street has just received from Calcutta a few of this *Genuine* article for cravats, which Gentlemen are respectfully invited to call and examine. tf Dec. 12.

TO DEALERS AND FAMILIES IN THE UNITED STATES. The following Vegetable preparations are recommended as invaluable Medicines for families.

Cream of Amber.
Price One Dollar per Bottle.

For Pimples, Freckles, and other cutaneous eruptions This wash is considered by the first families in Boston, a superior article.

Balm of Egypt.
Price One Dollar per Bottle.

This celebrated medicine will cure Coughs, Asthmas, Hooping Cough, Liver Complaint, etc. Many persons have effectually been relieved by it, in Boston—Mr. Benjamin Kimball and others.

German Rheumatic Drops.

This preparation will cure the Rheumatism in twenty for hours. It has given relief, in most obstinate cases, infifteen minutes, and is considered by those who have used it, superior to any article known for this disorder.

Patten's Pile Electuary and Ointment.
Price 50 cts. and $1 per box or set.

The established reputation of this medicine, for the cure of the Piles, when all other remedies have failed to effect it, is sufficient commendation. The Electuary is a certain remedy for Bowel complaints.

Anderson's Eye Water.
Twenty-five cents per bottle.

This wash, for sore, weak or inflamed eyes, is acknowledged to posses more healing qualities than any other for sale; and is soothing to that tender organ, the eye.

Dr. Mitchell's Corn Plaster.
Price 37 1-2 cents per box.

This article is an infallible remedy for Corns, if the directions are strictly followed. More than four thousand persons have proved it, since September 26, 1828.

German Lip Salve.
Price 37 1-2 cts.

This article is superior to any medicine which has been discovered, for sore lips or nipples. Many ladies, on commencement of nursing, can bear testimony to its wonderful healing qualities. The delicate appearance and pleasant taste of this salve has gained many admirers.

Dr. Galen's Anti-Dyspeptic Pills.

It is a fact well known, that these pills will cure the worst cases of the Dyspepsia; for the patients of some physicians have recently taken them, who have acknowledged that these pills cured them when they could no help them nor others who had attended them previous.—These pills will most effectually remove all soreness of the stomach, not merely by neutralizing the acid, but by correcting that morbid state of the secretion which gives rise to it, and at the same time that they are giving tone to the whole organ of digestion, they will renovate and give new life and vigor to the whole system. A new supply of these invaluable pills have recently been put into the hands of the druggists.

Dr. Galen's Restorative Elixir.
Price One Dollar per bottle.

This article is said to posses many valuable purifying qualities, and to those who are troubled with that tedious complaint, the Jaundice, nothing equals this in the country; it renovates all impurities of the blood, restores the appetite, cures a person of extreme weakness and debility, as will appear from a certificate of Mr. Jason D. Battles, and many other gentlemen in this city, to whom the proprietor has liberty to refer.

Dr. Galen's Salt Rheum Ointment.
Price One Dollar per bottle.

Is an article worthy the attention of those who are afflicted with the worst of all disorders, Salt Rheum. This article has been tested, and is certain to cure this complaint, if Galen's Restorative is taken internally to purge the blood One gentlemen observed to Messrs. Delano & Whitney, Druggists, South Market-street, recently, that he could prove to the satisfaction of them, that this remedy was worth all others advertised for the above complaint, from the benefit he had received from using one box.

Dr. Galen's Anti-Bilious Pills.
Price $1 per box.

A sure and powerful remedy for all bilious complaints, and a positive cure for an unpleasant breath. Who, for a moment, will hesitate to purchase those which posses advantages over any others?—such as rendering the society of Bachelors more agreeable, and giving to some Females who may chance to use them, an additional charm.

German Tooth-Ache Drops.

This remedy is preferred to all others. It destroys the nerve, gives instant relief, and grants to all persons the use of their teeth.

Remedy for Chilblains.
Price 37 1-2 cts per box.

This article gives less trouble, and will cure any common case of Chilblains, in two or three applications; if the feet have contracted sores, this will cure them in a few days. In all common cases of this very troublesome complaint, it is only necessary to rub them with the article, night and morning.

German Head Ache Powders.
Price 37 1-2 cts. per bottle.

These powders give relief in all cases of head ache immediately, and remove all drowsy lethargic sensations. Thousands can substantiate these facts who have tried them.

I have for sometime been acquainted with Mr. L. Dam's patent medicines, and believe from their efficacy in the different complaints for which they are prepared, and the satisfaction they have given those who have used them, (having also used of them myself) that they are altogether superior to any collection of the same extent; and that some of them are preferable to all others in complaints, for which they are prescribed.

GEORGE W. BURNHAM.
Boston, Jan. 30th, 1830.

This may certify that I have used Dr. Mitchell's Corn Plaster, which cured three very bad Corns on my feet, which have troubled me for years, in one week. I have cured with the same box, six other persons, and I have some of the same left. The above statement I am willing to make oath to if required.

MOSES FLETCHER.
Dorchester, April 4th, 1829.

Mitchell's Corn Plaster, prepared by Mr. Dam, has cured several Corns on my feet in a few days. It is a positive cure if the directions on the box are strictly followed.

JOHN H. PIERCE.
North Bridgewater April 4, 1829.

I have used Dr. Mitchell's Corn Plaster according to the directions, and it cured all of my Corns, which were very troublesome.

AUSTIN HOWARD.

I have taken Patten's celebrated Pile Electuary for the bleeding Piles' and have been cured by it in a few days.

D. PARKS.
Boston, May 31, 1828.

Newburyport, Dec. 8, 1828.

I have been cured of that destroying disorder, the Piles, after nine years standing, by using one set and part of another of Patten's Pile Electuary.

ZACHARIAH DAVIDSON.
Boston, Nov. 29, 1830.

This is to certify that I have used Patten's Pile Electuary, and was entirely cured by the use of it in one week, after being troubled more than twenty years.

REUBEN BEMIS.
Ipswich, Jan. 17, 1829.

A gentleman applied to me for Galen's Dyspeptic Pills. I furnished him with two boxes.—He was so well satisfied with their efficacy that he called for a third. From the knowledge I had of his case, I think they had a salutary influence, and hastened his restoration to health.

JOHN F. GARDNER, M. D.
Boston, Oct. 30, 1828.

I have used Dr. Mitchell's remedy for Corns, and believe from the benefit I have received from the use of the same, it will cure any person, if the directions are strictly followed. It has done more for me than all other articles used.

ZACHARIAH OSGOOD.

For sale in Boston by LEADER DAM, 29 Prince Street, Proprietor, wholesale and retail.
Boston, June 26, 1830. 1y

ALGER'S MURRAY'S EXERCISES. LINCOLN & EDMANDS, 59 Washington St. have published an edition of Murray's Exercises, revised with great care, and improved by Israel Algier jr. and particularly adapted to Alger's Murray's Grammar.

Nothing facilitates the progress of pupils in the study of English Grammar, so much as the use of these Exercises. They have not heretofore been, in all respects, easy of application, and therefore not universally used. But Mr. Alger has now adapted the book to general use, and no pupil, who has used it, will be willing to dispense with its aid.

In the present edition, the Exercises are confined to the inductive system of instruction;—examples are made to indicate rules, and not rules to indicate examples.

☞ In Press, The *Young Lady's Class Book*, a reader for the higher classes in Female Seminaries, by Ebenezer Bailey. dec 10

MUSIC LOWER STILL. Lithographic Music may be had at Wm. & JOHN PENDLETON'S, No. 1, Graphic Court, Washington street, at 20 per cent, under the present reduced prices of Plate Music.

Gold bordered and plain Porcelian Cards.

Lithography, Engraving and Printing, as usual. oct 22

"HEAD COOL, FEET WARM." *Indian.*

REAL WASH LEATHER SOCKS a certain cure for, and preventative against Chilblains for sale at MOSES KIMBALL'S 12, Washington street. dec 26

EXCHANGE. I have a few small Bills of Exchange on London and Dublin, for sale at a fair valuation. H. F. M'ARDLE, Exchange street. nov 21

ELEGANT NEW YEAR'S PRESENTS. LINCOLN & EDMANDS, 59, Washington-street, offer, as an appropriate work for New Year's Presents, copies of Paley's Theology, with Paxton's Illustrations, comprising 40 pages of elegant copperplate engravings, painted in a beautiful style, and bound in morocco.—Every young person of taste will read this fascinating work with more intense interest than any of the works of fiction; and the perusal of it will have the happy effect of establishing the mind in fundamental principles, of the utmost importance to individual happiness and the welfare of the community. dec 24

MALCOM'S BIBLE DICTIONARY. Some copies of this useful manual are beautifully bound in silk and fancy covers, for presents for the approaching new year, and for sale by
dec 24 LINCOLN & EDMANDS.

COPARTNERSHIP.

The subscribers have formed a connexion under the firm of STIMPSON and CLAPP for the purpose of carrying on the business of Bookselling, Publishing Bookbinding and Stationary, at the stand lately occupied by the said Stimpson at No. 72 Washington Street, two doors South of the City Hall; where they have on hand a general assortment of Books and Stationary.

C. Stimpson Jr. will attend personally to all orders for binding and every description of Ruling.

CHARLES STIMPSON Jr.
OTIS CLAPP.
eop 6t Nov. 12

NEW STYLE CRAVATS and POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS, said to be (by dealers) the most spendid patterns ever offered for sale in Boston. Price $2. J. G. SHUTE.

CHARLES ROSS, Umbrella, Parasol and Cane Manufacturer. Ivory and Wood Turner, No 115 Court street, Boston.

Ivory and Wood Turning neatly executed. Umbrellas and Parasols new covered and paired. Canes mounted, &c. &c. sept 25.

JUVENILE PSALMIST. *Juvenile Psalmist*; or Childs Instruction to sacred Music. Prepared at the request of the Boston Sabbath School Union, By LOWELL MASON. Second edition just published, and for sale by *RICHARDSON, LORD & HOLBROOK.* dec 16

AMERICAN ALMANAC, for 1831, second edition—this day published by GRAY & BOWEN.

WINTER STOCKS. French Bombazine Stocks, a beautiful article, and equal to velvet for service, for sale at the Boston Stock Factory, No. 20, Tremont street. J. G. SHUTE. oct 16

QUILLS. LINCOLN & EDMANDS have received an extensive assortment of Quills, from $1,25 to $35, per 1,000, for sale at wholesale and retail, to which they invite the attention of Teachers and Traders.

Stationary of various descriptions, the School Books in general use, and theological works constantly for sale. dec 10

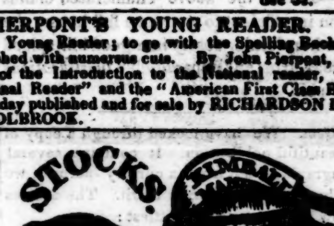
LIBRARY OF EDUCATION.—This day published by GRAY & BOWEN.

The Library of Education, Vol. I.—Containing "Some Thoughts concerning Education." By John Locke, and a "Treatise of Education," by John Milton. With an Appendix, containing Locke's Memoranda on Study. Edited by Wm. Russell, late editor of the Journal of Education.

Extract from the Preface.

"The present volume is intended to form one of a series of standard treatises on the subject of Education. The work now commenced will, it is hoped, form a useful source of information to parents and teachers; furnishing to the latter a sort of professional library, to which individuals may resort for assistance in the labor of instruction, and offering to the former an aid to the formation of just and extensive views of the whole scope of education, as well as a preparation for co-operating with instruction, in their exertions for the mental advancement of the young." dec 31.

PIERPONT'S YOUNG READER. The Young Reader; to go with the Spelling Book, embellished with numerous cuts. By John Pierpont, compiler of the Introduction to the National reader, "The National Reader" and the "American First Class Book." This day published and for sale by RICHARDSON LORD & HOLBROOK.



A GREAT assortment of Silk, Hair, Patent Leather and Black and Bronze Kid, Manufactured in the best manner and for sale by MOSES KIMBALL, No. 12, Washington street, where country Traders and Merchant Tailors will find the prices such, as to ensure a *profit* at retail.

☞ Stocks made to order and neatly repaired.
Wanted, 6 or 8 first rate Stock Makers. oct 2

MUSICAL TUITION. G. GRAUPNER, at his Academy, No. 1 Province House Court, continues as usual to instruct young ladies and gentlemen in the science of music, both vocal and instrumental. Mr. G. gives lessons on the Piano Forte, either at the Academy, on Wednesdays and Saturdays, at convenient hours, or at the residences of pupils on other days of the week. Terms maybe ascertained by calling as above.

A quantity of modern German music, consisting of every variety of composition, for sale to dealers, or to Mr. G's. pupils. 3m sept 25

INTEREST TABLES. CHAPMAN TABLES OF INTEREST calculated according to equitable and legal Principles, at the rate of 6 per cent pr. annum showing the interest of any sum from one cent to $10,000, from one day to 365 days, from one to twelve months, and from 2 to 13 years, stereotyped. Just received and for sale by RICHARDSON, LORD & HOLBROOK. dec 10

THE SANFORDS, OR HOME SCENES. THE DYSPEPTIC MONTOR, or the nature, causes and cure of the diseases called dyspepsia Indigestion Liver complaint &c. By S. W. AVERY, M. D., second edition Just received and for sale by RICHARDSON, LORD & HOLBROOK. dec 10

WASHINGTON HOTEL. JAMES HAMILTON, Broadway New York, most respectfully informs his friends and former patrons in Boston and its vicinity, that he has taken that extensive and splendid establishment in Broadway New York, known by the name of "Washington Hotel," which has been thoroughly repaired and improved in the best manner for the accommodation of the public. Families, by season able application can be provided with private apartments and the best attendance; and gentlemen travelling for business or pleasure will receive every attention during their stay at the Hotel. july 31 tf

LONDON CARCUNET, containing Select Passages from the most distinguished writers. Received by MUNROE & FRANCIS.

NATHANIEL DEARBORN continues to instruct on the Flute, on his new system; whereby a pupil may make rapid progress through the first principles, and enabled to perform in an agreeable style.

Terms 10 dolls. per quarter (26 lessons) Five dollars payable in advance—No 6 State street. 3m. Dec. 12.

CRAVAT STIFFNERS, IN TWO PARTS, Just finished, some that are exceeding thin and light, for summer use. Having been a long time in preparing the cloth, (which is made of beautiful white horse hair,) my customers are now invited to examine them at 20 Tremont street. J. G. SHUTE.

LACKAWANA COAL. Persons who are not already supplied with their fuel for the winter, are respectfully requested to try the Lackawana Coal, which ignites easily, and burns freely with a cheerful blaze, emitting a very pleasant expensive heat. It is almost the only kind used in New York, and many respectable families are using it in this city with great satisfaction.

Orders will be received at the office of the subscriber, No. 6 City Hall State street, or at the wharf of Wm. H. PRENTICE & SON, No. 43, Purchase street. The coal will be broken, screened, and delivered in any part of the city at *seven dollars a ton.* For cooking in kitchen grates it has a decided preference, in consequence of its igniting much easier and having much less impurities than the other kinds. N. P. ELDRIDGE.
dec 10

JOHN DAVENPORT, CARPENTER. (Rear of No. 60, Milk street) Continues to carry on the above business in all its various branches at the Old Stand, and respectfully solicits a share of public patronage.

N. B.—All kinds of Printers' Furniture furnished, such as Stands, Gallies, Paper Boards, &c.
3mpis—june 29

MARSEILLES HYMN, [illegible] ed, Marseilles Hymn; [illegible] Friend after Friend departs; [illegible] ing Notes; and five easy [illegible] sale by JOHN ASHTON [illegible]

TO PRINTERS.

THE Subscriber offers for sale [illegible] Congress street, [illegible] TWELVE LINE PICA, [illegible] 69 Letters.

ALSO,—A [illegible]
TEN LINE PICA ANTIQUE, Capitals and lower case, 136 [illegible]
ALSO,—A [illegible] of
SIX LINE PICA ANTIQUE, entirely new.

The above will be sold at a great discount from Foundry Prices. E. L. BELL, Agent. istf

FINN AND JOHNSTON'S COMIC ANNUAL. For sale by R. P. & C. WILLIAMS, 18 and 20 Cornhill, American Comic Annual, Edited by Henry J. Finn, and illustrated by D. C. Johnston.

JAMES ATKINSON, Perfumer to the [illegible] Family, No. 44, Gerard street, Soho-square, [illegible] Respectfully begs leave to inform the [illegible] in America, that he has just sent a supply of the [illegible] articles to his Agent, Mr. J. A. DICKSON, [illegible] 34 and 36, Cornhill, (formerly Market-street,) [illegible]

ATKINSON'S CURLING FLUID, For [illegible] the Hair, (patronized by the Royal Family,) [illegible] a discovery of the causes which occasion [illegible] prevents the hair falling off or changing color [illegible] baldness has already taken place, either from [illegible] spiration, change of climate, or hereditary [illegible] restore it to its original strength, thickness [illegible] Respectable references to this fact are given [illegible] enclosed round each bottle. It also frees the [illegible] scurf, makes it soft and glossy as silk, and [illegible] during exercise in dancing or walking, [illegible] er. Price $1 a bottle, or $9 per doz.

ATKINSON'S VEGETABLE DYE. [illegible] red hair on the head or whiskers to a brown or black [illegible] ran'ed perfectly innocent, and to give a permanent [illegible] —Price $1,50 per bottle, or $15 per doz.

ATKINSON'S AMBROSIAL SOAP, [illegible] process, which frees it from all irritating [illegible] ng freckles, redness and hardness from the skin [illegible] to chapping and makes it soft, white and even [illegible] he square for washing, and prepared with [illegible] r shaving. price 25c. and 34 cents each.

UMBRELLAS, PARASOLS [illegible] SIC. JOHN ASHTON has for sale a [illegible] sortment of UMBRELLAS, PARASOLS and [illegible] INSTRUMENTS. Music for Piano, [illegible] received; a new Musical Instrument called the [illegible] Harmonica.

J. A. has published Instructions for the [illegible] a number of songs, duetts, marches, &c. at No. 197 Washington street.

REMOVAL. GEORGE BARRY, [illegible] his friends and the public, that he has [illegible] from his former stand, No. 10, Congress square, to [illegible] No. 94, Washington street, nearly opposite [illegible] Court, where he has on hand a good assortment of [illegible] tlemen's, youth's and children's Hats and Caps, which he will sell at prices corresponding with the times. eptf

SPLENDID QUARTO BIBLES. LINCOLN & EDMANDS, [illegible] Have just received a quantity of splendid Quarto Bibles with Fifty Copperplate Engravings, at the reduced price of 7 dollars.

THE BOSTON TYPE AND STEREOTYPE FOUNDRY, Removed to the [illegible] Stone Building, No. 39 Congress street, [illegible] constantly on hand, a complete assortment of Type [illegible] Books, Newspaper and Job Printing, and also [illegible] se, Cases, Stands, Ink, Composing Sticks, Chases [illegible] al and Wood Furniture, and all other materials for a Printing Establishment.

In addition to the above, Printing Paper, [illegible] Cards and other similar articles are supplied [illegible] ket prices.

The above Foundry are constantly [illegible] stereotyping, and are prepared at all times [illegible] with despatch, large or small works in the best [illegible] and on fair terms.

Books of specimens of their type are in [illegible] of the principal printers, where they may be [illegible] may be procured on application to the Foundry [illegible] "Abridgement of Johnson's Typographia [illegible] much valuable information interesting to the [illegible] Publisher.

Second hand Ramage and other Presses [illegible] are generally on hand at prices proportioned [illegible] ity.

Prices of their type and other [illegible] lar to those of other Founderies, and no pains [illegible] ed in giving entire satisfaction to customers.

Orders received and promptly [illegible] subscriber, agent for the company.
J. GORHAM [illegible]

N. B. Composition Rollers with [illegible] &c. furnished at short notice.

DISTRICT OF MASSACHUSETTS, to wit:—District Clerk's office. BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the twenty-seventh day of [illegible] 1830, in the fifty-fifth year of the Independence of the United States of America, GRAY & BOWEN, of the said district, have deposited in this office the title of a book the right whereof they claim as proprietors in the words following to wit:

"These Two Letters to the Reverend Moses Stuart on the Subject of Religious Liberty. By Bernard Whitman."

In conformity to the act of the Congress of the United States, entitled, "An Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned;" and also to an act, entitled, "An Act supplementary to an act, entitled, An Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned; and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints."

JOHN W. DAVIS,
dec 31 Clerk of the District of Massachusetts.

HANDKERCHIEF STOCKS. A new article and one much approved of; they [illegible] cede to tie and so closely resemble [illegible] en for them.—for sale at the Manufactory of [illegible] KIMBALL, No. 12 Washington-Street.

DANCING ACADEMY. Mr. WILLIAMS respectfully informs the Ladies and Gentlemen of Boston, that his second Quarter will commence on [illegible] day evening, Jan. 11th, at Concert Hall. [illegible] tuition, Tuesday and Friday of each week, from [illegible] o'clock. His day School for Young Ladies, [illegible] Misses, will commence on Wednesday, [illegible] to 5, P. M. Days of tuition, Wednesday and Saturday.—Terms of tuition $8, including [illegible]

☞ Mr. Williams, grateful for the liberal [illegible] has received, assures the parents and guardians [illegible] pils placed under his charge, that every attention [illegible] paid to their general department and [illegible] ly connected with the polite accomplishment of [illegible] He respectfully solicits a continuation of [illegible] age.

RINGWORMS. DR. [illegible] celebrated Ointment for the cure of [illegible] Rheum, Scrofula and cutaneous eruptions [illegible] upon the skin. There never has been an article [illegible] which has given such universal satisfaction as this ointment, to all who have used it. [illegible] of this article, have entirely disappeared in a few days. For sale by HENRY WHITE, [illegible] Agent for the United States) corner of Court and Tremont street, Boston.

Orders from the country (post paid) will receive [illegible] te attention.

BOOK BINDERY REMOVED. WILLIAM ULMAN, respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has removed to [illegible] Washington and Water streets, where he [illegible] of patronage.

THIS DAY published, by GRAY & BOWEN, an Appendix to the American Almanac, [illegible] 1831, being the latter part of the fifty-[illegible] ning of the fifty-sixth year of the Independence [illegible] United States.

Extract from the Preliminary Observations [illegible] nautical Department of the American [illegible]

The Appendix is intended to answer all the purposes of a Nautical Almanac, and the [illegible] of the distances of the Moon from the [illegible] proportional logarithms of the diff[illegible] tances, it is hoped, will be found [illegible] Almanacs hitherto published.

FRENCH SHOES. [illegible] No. 180, Washington street, [illegible] ditional supply of very superior [illegible] Late Manufactory, consisting of [illegible] Morocco, and Prunella.

Also on hand, a prime assortment [illegible] selected expressly for retailing.

GUITAR MUSIC. [illegible] at the Music Saloon, No. 36 Cornhill, a large assortment of Music arranged for the Guitar and Piano, [illegible] principally compositions of [illegible] glish composers.